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ESSAYS



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IN
POETRY AND PROSE

BY

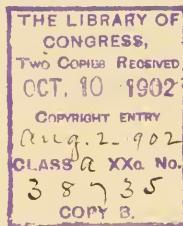
LEWIS C. FLANAGAN.

“Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.”

Thomas Randolph. 1605-1634.

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BY

M. R. FLANAGAN.



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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

LEWIS CASS FLANAGAN was born in Somerville, Mass., on April 5, 1850. He was the son of Edward and Caroline (Rand) Flanagan. He was named Lewis Cass after the soldier and statesman who at that time was one of the most prominent men in the country, being Senator from Michigan and having been, two years previous, a candidate for President.

Lewis received an ordinary education in the schools of Somerville ending with his graduation from the Franklin Grammar School. After leaving school, at the age of fourteen, he entered upon a mercantile career, but meeting with an accident which disabled him for a time he took up the study of pharmacy and learned the practice of the trade at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He pursued this vocation for several years in private shops and public institutions.

While so engaged he was a diligent student of literature and he also became interested in the Young Men's Congress of Boston, an organization formed for the

study and practice of parliamentary procedure. He served as speaker of this body and was deeply interested in its welfare up to the time of his death. His activity in this direction caused him to be sought to give instruction in this branch of knowledge and he was engaged for several years to give a regular course in parliamentary law at the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston. This however was not so much to his taste as would have been an opportunity to be an instructor in a natural science or literary branch of study, to which career he was looking forward at the time of his death. He was a lover of nature and was particularly interested in the science of forestry in which he acquired much practical knowledge by joining the classes of Mr. Jack at the Arnold Arboretum. He early in life began to develop a taste for literary composition and wrote many articles in prose and poetry which were published in the local papers of Cambridge and Somerville.

In 1875 he went to California for the benefit of his health. Both his outward and homeward journeys were made by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, and his passage through the Caribbean Sea inspired the poem upon that subject which is included in the following collection. While employed as apothecary at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in 1888 he was seized with an illness

which obliged him to retire from active business and from this time he never completely regained his health.

In 1898 he removed to North Weymouth where he died February 21, 1900. He was laid away at Mount Auburn on a cold winter day by his sisters and brother who survived him.

His character was singularly pure and upright. He was of a grave and dignified demeanor in public, but of a gentle and affable disposition, which made him a favorite in a circle of choice companions. In religion he was a Unitarian and in youth attended the Unitarian Church in Somerville, and later in life was a member of the Unity Club connected with that Society. It was before this Club that the longer prose essays in this collection were read.

Some of his compositions were not preserved. To secure in a permanent form the pieces still in existence this volume has been printed.

North Cambridge.

E. T. F.

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FRESH POND.

Lake Como lies, a jewel bright,
On Europe's breast, revered, admired ;
When first she greets the poet's sight
 He writes her praise with pen inspired.
Fair Como's banks I shall not see ;
 Yet fate will ne'er bid me despond,
While I can stray in peace by thee,
 “ My own, my beautiful,” Fresh Pond.

When summer comes with glowing feet,
 How bright a presence then is thine !
Thy tiny breakers, rippling sweet,
 Make music with the sighing pine.
Fair Belmont's woody slopes arise,
 With varied hue of grass and tree ;
Her sun-lit forests touch the skies ;
 Her shadowed meadows dip to thee.

Old ocean tells a grander tale ;
A wilder beauty is his pride ;
But death is harnessed to his gale,
And doubt and dread his billows ride.
But gentle paths thy waters trace,
And grateful breezes ever blow
To chase the fervor from thy face,
And kiss the beauty on thy brow.

But summer leaves thee, too, at last,
And autumn paints the plain and hill,
Till winter comes with cruel blast,
And binds thy pulsing waters still.
Then whitened meadows share thy fears,
And leafless boughs look down with pain,
Till spring in pity drops her tears,
And bids thee bloom to life again.

How kindly nature greets us all,
Who seek some pleasure at her hands !
Her friendships stand when others fall,
And years but lengthen out the bands.
My boyhood brightened with thy gleam,
And still I feel the magic wand
That leads me to thy whispering stream,
“ My own, my beautiful,” Fresh Pond.

THE TURN-STONE.*

Hail! busy bird, with back of brown,
With sooty sides and speckled crown,
With eager eyes e'er looking down

 In searching sight,
Will nothing fair in field or town
 Attract your flight?

Have you no wish to feel the breeze
That pushes through the lofty trees?
To rise with lark from flowery leas,

 At dawning day?
Or wheel with gull above the seas
 In search of prey?

Is it with you a thing of dread
To leave these sands you daily tread,
And fly where brighter scenes are spread

 Than these you view?
Or is this beach and river's bed
 The world to you?

* A bird so-called on account of its habit of turning over stones to seek its food beneath.

A cruel thing with us 'tis known,
When asked for bread to give a stone ;
But you must have the stone, 'tis shown,
 Ere you are fed ;
A push, a toss, 'tis overthrown,
 And lo, your bread.

THE TOAD'S LAMENT.

A sunny day in early June
 I sought the garden shade,
To solve a question in my mind—
 Why canker worms were made.

As thus I mused, I heard a sigh,
 As though some heart were wrung,
And peering through a leafy hedge,
 I saw from whence it sprung.

Down in the moist, half-hidden soil,
 Where ants and chickweed creep,
A toad had wandered in despair,
 And turned aside to weep.

“ Why weepest thou,” asked I of him,
“ When all around is gay ?
The merry birds are wild with joy,
And sing the livelong day.

“ The honey-bee, though toiling still,
Moves cheerily and glad ;
The air is soft, the earth is fair,
And only thou art sad.”

“ Alas ! kind sir,” he meekly said,
“ Canst thou in wonder gaze ?
'Tis this that bids the tear to flow ;
No poet sings my praise.

“ Each opening year, as bashful spring
Steps forth upon the scene,
A hundred voices hail her birth,
And praise her robe of green.

“ The violet peeps through the turf
At its appointed time,
And straight the color of its face
Is told the world in rhyme.

“ And when the bluebird from the hill
Salutes the morning gale,
Euterpe strikes again the chords,
To tell the tuneful tale.

“ For bird, and bee, and butterfly,
Her welcome pæans thrill ;
But when I join the festive throng,
Why then the harp is still.”

“ ‘Tis true,” said I, “ she slights your worth,
Yet somewhere have I read,
The greatest bard of all has praised
The jewel in your head.”

At this remark he checked his grief
To lend a listening ear ;
And even speared a thoughtless fly
That rashly came too near.

The crumb of comfort I had dropped,
Or else the juicy fly,
Soon drove the sorrow from his voice,
The tear-drop from his eye.

“THE FIRST INSPIRATION OF COLUMBUS.”

ON EXHIBITION AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

O, Sculptor, we do thank thee
For this touching thought;
And we thank thee for the patience
And the skillful toil that wrought
From the mute and shapeless marble,
Such a scene of sober joy,
As the earnest contemplation
Of this young Italian boy.

He is seated by the water,
With a volume at his knee,
But his eyes have left its pages,
And they rest upon the sea,
For a fascinating fancy
From the treasured book has flown,
And he fain would know it further,
Though it led to depths unknown.

Yes, a germ of precious value
Has found refuge in a breast,
That will shelter it in safety
Through seasons of unrest;
Will give it strength and vigor
When the shafts of scorn are hurled,
And bid it bloom in glory
O'er the finding of a world.

The boy is stilled in study,
But he surely does not see
The coming years of trial,
The triumph yet to be.
Yet around the youthful dreamer
We as reverently stand,
As if in pride of manhood
He touched his new found land.

So, Sculptor, we do thank thee
For this chiseled story, dear,
It strikes a chord responsive,
And though surrounded here
By forms of gleaming beauty,
Sweet creations of pure art,
'Tis to thine we pay the tribute,
For it touches most the heart.

LINES TO A ROBIN.

Bon jour! my little feathered friend;
As I lie here in bed,
I see your sprightly head
Among the slender twigs that bend
And shine before the early beams
That pierce my room, to chide these tardy dreams.

I love to watch your independent ways;
To hear your voice at morn,
As on the breeze is borne
The warbling of your joyous hymn of praise.
I love to see you boldly come in view;
But then, monsieur, I love my cherries too.

And, really, sir, it moves me to the quick—
As on the leaves is pressed
Your blushing, dewy breast—
To see you coolly perch and pick
The luscious globules, ripe and red,
That cluster sweet above my sleepy head.

Your claims to life I will not now dispute,
Nor will your breakfast stint ;
But only drop a hint
About the way your birdship eats that fruit :
Please finish one, instead of tasting round,
That we may find ours juicy, full and sound.

THE RETURN.

John Howard Payne, author of the fine tragedy of "Brutus" and of other plays, and of "Home, Sweet Home," was born in New York in 1792, and, after a life of varying fortunes, died in the city of Tunis, Africa, while filling the position of United States consul at that place. He was there buried ; and, after the lapse of thirty years, his remains have been removed for conveyance hither, and, at this date, they are on the water.

Now, on the Blue Atlantic's breast,
A stately ship is westward speeding,
And, as she cuts the billow's crest,
What freightage bears she for our heeding ?

Has she within her darkened rooms
The spicy spoils of eastern islands ?
The costly cloths of distant looms ?
The golden fruit of sheltered highlands ?

No ; not for treasures such as these
She seeks a path of wintry danger ;
She simply brings across the seas
Unto his home a long-lost stranger.

The dust of one who, forced to roam,
Through many a strange and painful portal,
So sweetly sung the charms of home,
The tender strain vibrates immortal.

Dear Payne ! beneath thy native skies
At last thy frame will soon be sleeping ;
And high the marble shaft may rise
To hold thy name in honored keeping.

But while the shaft or sculptured dome
May serve a mark for Wonder's finger,
Where'er thy race erects a home,
There fondly will thy mem'ry linger.

THREE STEAMERS.

With sturdy stroke and steady pace
The ship had travelled far,
And now it rode with stately grace
The bay of Panama.

Together from the steamer's side.
We watched the sun go down,
And saw the tropic twilight glide
O'er sea, and shore, and town.

No word to break the silence, save
One sentence from her mouth,
“To-morrow, sir, that vessel brave
Will bear me to the South.”

And through the shades that around us crept,
A noble form arose ;
Upon the placid deep it slept
In strong, sublime repose.

The buoyant banners floated aft,
The hull majestic frowned,
But I loved not the gallant craft,
For it was southward bound.

Beyond the slight but mighty band
That runs the seas between,
I knew there floated on the strand
Another ocean queen.

And soon that ship would travel forth
And take me farther on,
But when I thought it pointed north,
I sought the other one.

The morrow came ; with flying feet
Two steamers journeyed far ;
One sailed the Southern Cross to greet,
And one the Northern Star.

And that was all. The dream is o'er ;
No word from lip or pen ;
Her smiling eyes I 'll see no more,
Nor hear her voice again.

Sometimes the past will come to me
On mem'ry's grateful tide ;
I sail again the western sea
And she is by my side.

The day has melted like a dream
 Beyond the billows' crest,
And softly now the moon-beams stream
 Across the ocean's breast.

The night wind sounds a soothing dirge
 Around the corded poles,
And stretching far the phosphor surge
 In chastened splendor rolls.

The stemming waves are dashed to spray,
 The swelling waters part ;
Whilst in and out along the way
 The daring dolphins dart.

Back from the swiftly gliding hull
 There gleams a pathway white,
O'er which through all the day the gull
 Has winged his silent flight.

Now with the scene comes gently forth
 The music from her mouth ;
'Tis gone, and I am in the north
 And she is in the south.

FORT WASHINGTON.

Yes! Up with the banner, the tricolored banner,
The tricolored banner, bespangled with stars.

Let the flag of our nation
In bright exultation
Be raised o'er the fortress, 'midst hearty huzzas.
Let it wave in its beauty above the tall trees,
Caressed by the sunbeam and kissed by the breeze.

The spot that we honor, now silent and lonely,
Was once freedom's bulwark and liberty's mound.

Then well may we cherish
And never let perish
The bright recollections that cluster it 'round.
A century faded, it stands here to-day;
But who witnessed its birth—they have all passed
away.

Some sank to repose in the green northern valleys,
Lulled gently to rest by the murmuring rills;

And some of their number
As peacefully slumber

Where the flow of the Santee comes down through the
hills.

Each pine of the hillside, each oak of the plain
Marks a patriot's dwelling, a soldier's domain.

Here is terror a toy in this cannon dismantled,
The children climb o'er it and gaze down its bore;

Its thunder how humble
Compared with the rumble

Of giants that Woolwich might send to our shore;
But the men who gave all to the cause it upheld
Are their deeds yet out-valored, their virtues excelled?

The flag of our country! Oh! distant the hour
That shall view its destruction by force or decay.

Long, long may the nation
In bright exultation

Look upward with pride where its bright colors play
In grace and in beauty over land, over seas,
Caressed by the sunbeam and kissed by the breeze.

THE BLOOMING OF THE CEREUS.

On sunny slopes, beneath the Cuban skies,
Behold the weird, the stately cactus rise!
How blooms this lovely empress of the isle ?
Not like the sweet-lipped blossoms of the north ;
For, when from dewy beds, they venture forth
To pay glad tribute to the god of day,
She will not heed his steps, but slumbers, while
Around her couch his furtive glances play.
But when the tropic twilight shades the scene
And all is hushed and still, the pallid queen
Unveils her face, and on her star-lit throne,
She blooms, she droops, she dies, and all alone.
To Cuba's purpled hills we need not roam
To see this gem ; for, in a northern home
The Cereus dwells, in pampered exile, sweet :
And when its courteous captors kindly send
A call, to every neighbor, guest and friend,
Their halls are thronged, and grace and beauty tread,
In bright array, the coming life to greet.
The hour arriving, the flower lifts its head ;
Its sepals thrill, its pearly petals part,
We feel its breath, we see its starry heart,
One brief, bright joy, then shuts the fading eye,
O, Beauty, must you always, always die ?

THE SWORD OF BOLIVAR.

In the year 1810 an aërolite fell in South America weighing 1500 pounds, and composed of pure iron. It was purchased by the Columbian government, and a portion was made into a sword, which was presented to General Bolivar, the liberator of three South American States.

Whence came the sword of Bolivar
The patriot chief of southern climes?
Was it exhumed from Grecian soil,
Mid buried beds of wreck and spoil,
Mute chroniclers of early times?
Did Spartan hero wield a blade
That should in after days be made
To strike again in freedom's war,
Within the clasp of Bolivar?

Whence came the sword of Bolivar?
Did ancient Egypt's bending bronze
Produce this weapon, strong and true?
Or was its length of lustrous blue
Wrought out by Spanish artisans,
Whose skill had made Toledo famed
Of old; her products named
Among the first, both near and far?
Was such the blade of Bolivar?

Whence came the sword of Bolivar ?
Shall we its noble birthplace find
With her, Damascus, Syria's pride,
Where wootz, from India's veins supplied,
Was changed to steel of rarest kind ?
Whose costly sabres, bright and keen,
With watered sides of shifting sheen,
No thrust could break, no stroke could mar ?
Did such sustain brave Bolivar ?

No, not of these the hero's sword.
No relic rare of Sparta's days,
Nor Egypt's craft, nor Moorish skill,
Nor famous ore from Indian hill,
May share the soldier's meed of praise.
Nor yet was mined in western land
The metal of the patriot's brand ;
A blade of rarer being far
Hewed out a path for Bolivar.

A restless meteor, far away,
Departed from its circling sphere ;
With growing speed it downward shot,
And struck earth's bosom, hissing hot.
They tore it up—'twas iron, clear.

The furnace glowed, the anvil rung,
Till, lo, a sword puissant sprung,
And on Fame's bright, enduring star
It carved the name of Bolivar.

ON THE BLUE CARIBBEAN.

Oh the rolling Caribbean is the grandest of the seas,
And its tossing, throbbing waters never flow with quiet
ease ;
But they play in airy beauty, and their frothing billows
run
With the majesty of freedom, as they sparkle in the sun :
As they sparkle in the morning, when it peeps above
the plain,
As they redden in the evening, when it sinks below the
main ;
As they silver in the moonbeams, that dance along the
deep ;
Oh bright the bounding billows, the waves that
never sleep.

The gallant ship beneath us, triumphant, cuts the foam
And the hissing spray in showers, drops around our
ocean home;

As buoyant as the sea-bird, as joyous and as free,
Is the sailor in his castle, on the Caribbean sea.

The morning comes in beauty, and all the sunny day
The salty breezes, briskly on the snowy canvas play ;
And who can tell the splendor of the starry, southern
skies,

For a night in tropic waters, is a night in Paradise.

The traveler on the mountain, is enchanted with the
view ;

And sweet he finds the meadow, in its bath of summer
dew.

The lakes are mimic oceans, and their quiet beauties
please ;

But the rolling Caribbean, is the grandest of the seas.

ON A PORTRAIT OF L. E. L.*

A fairy form, a winning face,
An eye through which the soul is glancing,
A presence rare of sprightly grace,
A tongue, a pen alike entrancing,
The glow of youth with beauty's mine,
Sweet singer of the heart are thine.

But canker blights the early bloom,
And mists bedim the valley's beauty ;
And sorrow came with wings of gloom,
And clouded o'er thy path of duty ;
Black envy poured for thee her wine,
To drain the bitter cup was thine.

A summer sky, an ocean warm,
And through its blue a bark is speeding ;
Along its decks a manly form
A happy bride is fondly leading ;
Now troubles fly and cares decline,
And dreams of peace and joy are thine.

* Letitia E. Landor.

Alas, too brief their healing grace,
For tropic towns are full of danger.
Affliction came with anxious face
To sup with thee ; but not a stranger ;
And while she tarried at thy shrine
Thy life went out and death was thine.

THE HOME OF THE ALBATROSS.

Where wild southern waters in tumult upheaving,
Fling wave after wave upon rock-girded isles.
Whose spectre-like spires the winter wind cleaving,
Reflect Nature's frowns but reveal not her smiles,
O'er those desolate crags and that desert of foam,
The albatross circles and seeks there a home.

He loves not to tarry by forest and fountain,
Though brightly they bloom with the freshness of
spring :

He stays not his flight for the pine of the mountain,
Nor throws on the meadow the shade of his wing,
But the traversing iceberg mirrors his form
As he sweeps through the spray to exult with the
storm.

For see ! o'er the dome are the black shadows crossing,
And now they have spread to its uttermost verge,
The wind-beaten billows in fury are tossing,
And thick beats the rain on the mist-sheeted surge ;
But the bird presses onward where perils assail,
And he pants with delight at the stroke of the gale.

He speeds through the furrows nor pauses for wonder,
When Night in her sables flings round him her pall,
Exultant he bounds at the burst of the thunder,
Nor quivers a plume when the blazing bolts fall ;
Undazzled his eye and undaunted his wing
As he wheels at the cry of his fierce tempest-king.

Long, long is the conflict and wild the commotion
When day struggles in through the glimmering gray,
Then the gusty winds flee from the turbulent ocean,
And the mists from its bosom roll slowly away ;
Light glides on the sea as the stormy clouds fly,
Till the blue of the wave is the blue of the sky.

His revels are over, and, weary with wheeling,
The sea-bird stoops down to the billowy deep ;
A spirit of Lethe comes over him stealing,
It presses his pinions it stills him in sleep ;
Securely, serenely he floats with the foam,
For his bed is the billow, the ocean his home.

SCALES AND FEATHERS.

Naturalists say that the Nile-bird, a species of plover, enters the mouth of the crocodile, when that reptile is asleep with parted jaws, to feed upon the insects that infest the creature's tongue, and torment him.

Stay! Stay! audacious plover!
How dare you thus to hover,—
Well, not before the cannon's open mouth;
But at a post still stranger—
As full of seeming danger—
Around this giant saurian of the south.

If he should snap and cover
Your little body, plover,
Vain then would be all efforts at retreat;
Yet, still, all warning mocking,
You enter without knocking,
And near those frowning lances take a seat.

Let Science's self, discover,
Peculiar, plucky plover!
The cause that bids you hasten at his smile,
And seek to know that wonder
Whose clasp has cut asunder
The fated water-drawer of the Nile.

We'll say he is your lover,
Infatuating plover!
Oh, may he never waver, in the least:
Then who will e'er be able
To tell so fair a fable,
As the wooing of a biped by a beast.

PAUL REVERE'S FIRST RIDE TO LEXINGTON.

[On the occasion of the visit of the historical pilgrims from Philadelphia to Lexington last summer, the local historians of the town, while relating the incidents of the nineteenth of April, 1775, did not fail to tell them of Paul Revere's visit to Lexington on the preceding Sunday. In a letter written some years afterward in compliance with a request, Revere, while relating the story of the "midnight ride," mentions his trip of the sixteenth of the month. "The Sunday before," he says, "by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanthorns in the North church steeple, and if by land, one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck."

Such is the plain narration of this event by the hero horseman of the revolution himself. Though less celebrated than the ride of Tuesday night, this Sunday visit to Lexington is deemed by some writers an important act. The opinion is formed from the fact that the colonists were enabled to remove most of their cannon and a portion of their stores from Concord to Groton ; thus in a measure defeating the object of the expedition planned by Gage. It would also seem that the presence of so many minute men from distant towns at Concord early in the morning of the nineteenth was due to this first message of warning.]

List ! patriots all, that you may hear
Of the daylight ride of Paul Revere.
And if perchance no charm I bring
By the tale I tell and the song I sing,
Remember, that " moon," and " fog," and " tide"
Are things that go with a midnight ride.

'Twas Sunday morn in Boston town,
And fifteen April days had fled :
When Paul Revere from his room looked down
On the waters blue of the bay and said,
" 'Tis plain the troops intend some move.
Now, I may serve the cause I love
If I ride forth this April morn
To Lexington, and Hancock warn."

Then went Revere, the brave, the true,
But, you see, I cannot tell the route ;
For of ways, it seems, there then were two,
And the chosen way remains in doubt.
If by the “neck” he did repair ;
’Twould be six miles to Harvard square ;
But if he crossed to the Cambridge shore,
As the British did in two days more,
He would gain the Milk Row road, which run
To Menotomy and Lexington.

But forth he went, and fair and bright
Seemed the world to him, as he rode along ;
The green blades throve in the tender light,
And soft through the vales came the bluebird’s song,
While above were the apple-boughs blossoming,
For they had that year an “early spring.”

And the sun lay warm in the village street
As the rider reached his journey’s end,
And hurried down his chief to greet,
Who welcome gave his trusted friend :
And asked what news he had to tell
Of the seaside town they loved so well,

Then Paul Revere the message gave,
That Gage had planned a stealthy blow ;
And that the cannon they might save,
He had been sent that they should know
The purpose of their wily foe.

And when the day was in its wane
The trusty messenger withdrew,
And drawing once again the rein,
He bade his civic chief adieu,
With promise that by day and night
The grenadiers should be in sight :
That when they moved he would not fail
To speed away and spread the tale.

Then Tuesday night came on apace :
And Paul Revere from the Charlestown shore,
Booted and spurred as for a race,
Toward Lexington rode forth once more.
And, now I'm in it, I think I'll tell
In some further lines of what befell
The horseman bold on this second time.
But no ! It has all been told in rhyme.

“THE VALLEY OF THE BABBLING WATERS.”

THE DROP-CURTAIN AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

How pleased is the eye as the curtain descending
Unfolds to its vision this land of delight ;
This garden of nature where streamlets are wending
Their musical footsteps through banks that are bright.
In the freshness of freedom they burst from the
mountains,
Over rocks, over mosses, their jewels they fling ;
Now they murmur in rills, now they ripple in fountains ;
We hear not their voices, but we know that they
sing.

Down the slopes of the hillsides the shadows are
straying,
And light on the lowlands their mantles they lay ;
But the mountain peaks rise where the sunbeams are
playing,
And their faces still glow at the last touch of day.

Imposing the line of those sentinels sombre,
And faithful their watch o'er the sweet valley's
length.

The valley lies stretched in the stillness of slumber ;
The mountains stand forth in the stillness of strength.

On the velvety green the tall cedars are thriving,
Some grouped into clusters, some single are bound,
And some up the rugged escarpments are striving,
As if longing to gaze on the wild world around.
And lo ! on the bank is the Indian's frail dwelling,
And, spying its master, our fancy will play,
And seek out the thoughts in his rude bosom swelling,
As he sits by his tent at the close of the day.

Does he feel that his hut is a room in a palace ?
A palace where freedom and happiness meet ?
That he drinks the bright drops of a life-giving chalice,
When he sips of the waters that flow at his feet ?
Does his memory recall through the dreamy expansion
The days when the snowfall lay thick on the plain ?
How the north wind came downward to sack his brave
mansion ?
How it beat on the structure, and beat there in vain ?

Now he starts from his musings, for there comes
slowly winding,

Through the rock-columned portals a wandering band,
And their leader draws rein at so suddenly finding

His dreary path lead to this new promised land.

The steed lifts his head, and his dull eye grows brighter,
As he sees stretched before him the cool, blooming
plain,

And the heart of his rider grows stronger and lighter,
As he meets the sweet calm of the red man's domain.

Now the lights dimly burn, for the acting is over,

And the player and patron pass out in the night;

The sigh of the maiden, the song of the lover,

They have melted away like so much that is bright.

And the darkness that hangs o'er the city's dense
quarters

Spreads silently forth through the land of the west,
And as lightly it falls on that valley of waters,

As the presence of sleep on the weary one's breast.

THE FLORIDA ORANGE.

For steady ways and sterling worth
Our honest apple of the North
Has gained a name ; but if to suit
A taste that craves some dainty fruit,
We beg to roll into such mouth
Our spotted orange of the South.

O, rusty ball, we own, 'tis true,
You do not have that gorgeous hue
Of ruddy gold that she
Your sister wears from o'er the sea,
But then 'tis but skin-deep, that's all —
We'll not refuse a rusty ball.

And yet their claims we cannot slight,
Valencia's beauties burning bright,
For memory, leading us away,
Restores to us some boyhoods' day,
When, touched with fortune's sunny hour,
We drew their juices, rich — but sour.

But you are tartness tempered down,
And, later come, have quickly grown
In favor for the wealth you hide
Within ; and 'tis a cause for pride
That in our native land we meet
A fruit so juicy, sound — and sweet.

THE TUBEROSE.

How lovely is the tuberose,
Its slender stalk ascends
With stately grace above the walk
And then it gently bends
To view the spot from whence it rose ;
How lovely is the tuberose.

And soon the bursting buds disclose
Their pointing petals pure and white,
They beautify the hours of day
And deck the sable veil of night,
Perfuming every wind that blows ;
How lovely is the tuberose.

The subtle odor softly flows
In noiseless, viewless rills,
It bubbles at the blossom's birth,
Its fleeting life with fragrance fills
And soothes it at the gentle close,
How lovely is the tuberose.

So thus the lovely flower shows
How sweet a life may bloom,
To come in beauty, peace, and joy,
To wear a smile in days of gloom,
To die with love for friend and foes ;
How lovely is the tuberose.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A friendly face has passed from sight,
A voice has lost its thrill,
And 'neath a mound of England's soil
An honored heart lies still ;
And thousands pause and breathe a sigh
That he, their boyhood's friend, should die.

Twice kissed by Fame ! beneath our flag
He sought her first, and then
He threw away his trusty sword
And wooed her with his pen ;
And men remember now their spell,
Those tales that once they loved so well.

And he is gone ! Oh may the lark
Sing sweet above his rest,
And summer send her dews to cool
The turf that wraps his breast ;
And though no more for him the morn
Shall spread her banners bright,
His “ Desert Home ” will long remain
To boyish eyes a light.

A HELIOTYPE.

A picture hangs upon the wall,
The echo of a painting we
This picture hanging here may call,
At least as such it seems to me,

For once the scene that here is traced,
A painter on the canvas placed ;
And now by Art's retentive call,
His work is hanging on my wall.

Persepolis ! lone, desert ground !
No more the "Glory of the East" —
Bright name that once thy splendors crowned —
With wondrous halls of mirth and feast,
With palaces and temples rare,
And gardens green and fountains fair ;
Bright was thine era — great thy fall ;
Pride, place and power, stripped of all.

Three kings, three mighty kings of old
Stretched forth to bid thy grandeur soar ;
Each strove to push thy beauties bold,
And leave thee nobler than before :
'Til he, earth's greatest warrior came,
And crossed thy brow with blood and flame :
Then Time, his helper, sealed thy fall,
Thick shrouding thee with ruin's pall.

Of all that once with glory glared,
These crumbling stones alone remain ;
These straggling columns time hath spared,
To hold their watch above the plain.
Where pageants passed with princely pride,
The lizard lurks, the wild beasts hide
And silent steal along the wall,
Or, roaring, mock their fellows' call.

Destruction dire ! then decay !
Yet need no idle tear-drop flow,
That Desolation here holds sway,
And plants her foot on might laid low ;
For striving, man again from this
May rear a new Persepolis :
Again the morning light may fall
On sparkling roof and sculptured wall.

But he, the Macedonian chief,
The spoiler of the Persian's pride,
Whose callous heart held but one grief,
That not all earth's blood his sword had dyed,
His passions brought his name disgrace ;
And none the stain may e'er efface :
Man's record here none may recall,
'Tis written once, and once for all.

HUMBERT AT NAPLES.

A queenly city stands to-night
With drooping head and heart of woe,
Her smitten children crouch in fright,
Or rush in terror to and fro ;
They dare not stay, they dare not go,
For death stalks on with fearful stride
Through Naples, by the water side :

He shoots his arrows hard and fast ;
The young, the old, the brave, the fair,
Sink down before the deadly blast,
Their death-cry loads the poisoned air,
And Sorrow's step is everywhere ;
For strongest hearts are forced to moan,
As helper with the helped goes down.

Yet strongest hearts are steadfast there ;
And one there is whose presence cheers ;
He plans and guides with kindly care,
And feeds the sick and soothes their fears.
Who is he thus his name endears ?
'Tis he, the wearer of the crown,
Who makes his people's woes, his own.

Ah ! this is the test of royalty,
To solace in the hour of need ;
To brave the foe that others see,
To share the pain with hearts that bleed ;
Who doeth this is prince indeed.
And so the laurel leaf we fling,
For Humbert stands twice-crowned a king.

THE ROBIN IN AUGUST.

Good Morrow, Sir ! how is't with you,
Brave tenant of the tree ?
When ruddy flushes fill the east,
How sure are we to see
Your birdship up and dressed, betimes,
In scarlet, black and gray,
Prepared to meet and overcome
The labors of the day.

And still as high you hold your head,
Still glances, bright your eye,
As when, with April's truce to storm,
You sought our northern sky ;
And yet we greet you with regret
And feel there's something wrong,
For though we thrice good morning bid,
You send us back no song.

It was not so when first you came,
For then at breezy dawn
Your greeting to the waking world
Across the field was borne,
And through the softening hours of May
And twilight-scenes of June,
The story of your life and love
Was sweetly told in tune.

But now, when half your task is done,
With house in good repair,
And sons and daughters sent abroad
Your honored name to bear,
With consciousness of bearing well
The burdens of a bird,
Except the tocsin of alarm
We get from you no word.

In pity, Sir! it may not be
Alike with birds and men:
To build their castles in the air
With songs of joy, and then
To droop beneath their sun of life,
And chide his humble beams
Because they miss some rosy ray
That tinged their early dreams.

If such a cause has stilled your voice,
Sweet warbler! it is wrong;
For lowly labors, well fulfilled,
Should but increase your song.
No answer yet? Then go in peace
Until another spring;
And then, trim tourist of the lawn
We'll hope to hear you sing.

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

The frigate, or man-of-war bird as it is sometimes called, is an inhabitant of most all of the warm seas, and is interesting on account of its courage and audacity and its marvellous power of flight. A glance at a specimen will show wherein this power lies. The body is comparatively small, and light and slender; while the wings are strongly made and of an unusual expanse, those of a full-grown bird measuring, when spread, six or seven feet from tip to tip. In fact the ratio between the size of its wings and that of its body being the greatest among birds.

The statement that it robs the gannet of the fish that it has taken is denied by some naturalists on the ground that the latter, being a larger bird, could protect its rights; but a comparison of the two birds shows the wings of the frigate bird to be superior in strength of build, and its legs and claws more fitted for combat.

These advantages together with the fact that the gannet or sea-goose or booby as it is sometimes called from its apparent stupidity, is a peaceable bird, render it probable that the frigate bird does pounce upon and attack him savagely with beak, wings and talons, force him to drop or even disgorge his prey if swallowed and then descending rapidly, catch it before it reaches the sea.

Where fervid winds blow softly o'er
A sunny sea, a blooming shore,
Where shining waters roll and flow
'Twixt islands wrapped in summer's glow
There, high above that land and sea
On trackless highways far and free
He sails along on fearless wing,
The Frigate bird, the Tropic's king.

No need hath he by day or night,
To stay that strong and stately flight ;
The palm tree's bough, the headland's crest,
Far, far behind, he leaves unpressed.
And when by swift and ruthless hand
The smile is swept from sea and strand,
And driven clouds pour out their rain
And tears along a hurricane,
He mounts above to realms of peace
And mocks the howling storm's increase.

The tropic sun at birth of day
Across the wave again is peeping ;
The tropic sun with lessening ray
By day's death-bed again is weeping :
Thus thrice it comes, and thrice it goes,
And thrice the night in beauty grows,
And still, untouched his pinion's grace.
The bird soars round in heavenly space.

Oh ! fierce is the swoop of the frigate bird,
The flying fish by danger spurred,
In hasty panic quits its home
And feebly flits above the foam.

Ill-fated thing ! — yet man might make
In peril's hour as grave mistake —
The creature clears the dolphin's jaws
To quiver in the sea-birds claws.

The massive gannet breasts the spray
And from the billow pulls his prey
And bears it off on joyous wing ;
But hold ! with lightning in its spring
That eagle watcher of the skies
Darts down and claims the glistening prize ;
The fisher feels his triumph brief,
And yields it to his pirate chief.

Now turns at last the Frigate bird,
His heart by softer feelings stirred.
And sweeping through the ether blue
Impelled along by instinct true,
He nears his distant island rest ;
He finds his mate, his twig-built nest ;
Then closely folds his conquered wing ;
For love has tamed the Tropic king.

PROSE.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

I have chosen to write about a person, whose name and individuality, a generation ago were familiar to the people of two continents: and it seems as though the fault must be mine if the sketch proves uninteresting for the lives of few, certainly of few women, have been so filled with incident as the life of the subject of this paper. United with her own personal history is the story of her kindred; among whom individuals of more or less renown are frequently noted. In pursuing the career of Miss Kemble, we have to treat with an actress, an author, a house-keeper, a society belle; we are led from the old world to the new, from the new to the old; into the drawing-rooms of English nobility, into the barren cabins of the southern slaves; into the school-rooms of Paris, into the peaceful farm-houses of inland Massachusetts. We have presented to us the prominent people of two hemispheres, and led on by the facile pen of Miss Kemble herself, we seldom find our interest flagging in the pursuit. In the story of her career, then we see a person into whose life has been crowded much

excitement and joy, and much of sorrow; one who is brilliant and gifted, but not great: who is sometimes gay, often sad, but always interesting.

To give at once some necessary biography we will say that Frances Anne Kemble was born in London in 1809. Her father, Chas. Kemble, was of that family who, as a band of strolling players, acting in barns throughout England, by their wonderful talents made for themselves reputations as enduring as can be made in their calling. Her mother, like the wife of Garrick, was a Viennese dancer, a sensible, accomplished woman, and a writer of light plays.

A fine, scholarly actor, Charles Kemble was excelled in his art by a brother and sister, John P. Kemble and Sarah Siddons, both of whom were truly great. The Kembles, besides the physical qualifications necessary for the stage, possessed intellectual gifts and personal worth to such a degree that something more than the evanescent fame of an actor has been theirs.

At seven years of age, her father being then in prosperous circumstances, Miss Fanny was sent to school in Boulogne, France, returning to England at the age of nine; she remained at home four years and was then sent to a school in Paris, from which she was called home at the age of seventeen by her father's changed fortunes.

The actor, unfortunately, had become interested in Covent Garden, a large theatre which John P. Kemble had built, and managed at a heavy loss, finally making over his share in the concern to his brother Charles. The place proved as heavy a burden to him, as may be judged from what Miss Kemble afterwards wrote—“Of the eighty thousand pounds which my uncle sank in building Covent Garden, and all the years of toil my father and myself and sister sank in endeavoring to sustain it, nothing remained to us at my father’s death.”

It was not the wish of Miss Fanny, nor of her parents, that she should go upon the stage; but closely watching her father, she saw that he felt that assistance was needed, and that her services, much as he disliked to use them, might be of great value. The matter was at last openly broached and overcoming the objections of her mother, the girl decided to follow the profession of her people. With six weeks preparation she was ready for her task: the opening play was Shakspere’s Romeo and Juliet, her father playing Mercutio, and her mother, returning to the stage for a single night, Lady Capulet. Her success came at once, and after enacting Juliet for thirty nights, she appeared in a number of characters. Next came a play of her own composing — The Tragedy of Francis the First. That the fair young actress should

prove a writer, increased the interest of the town; but as she wrote of it, it was this curiosity and not any merit of the piece which drew people to see it performed. This play, written in blank verse, appears at once the product of a mind influenced by familiarity with Shakspeare and other old dramatists, and the striving to maintain their elevated style is always apparent. Still for a schoolgirl of seventeen to write such a piece, and at twenty-one to enact the leading part was a noticeable event. It abounds with choice language, the following sentence, it seems to me, being capable of standing forth.

Queen. Come hither sirrah; now the day is done and night with swarthy hands is sewing stars in yonder sky.

After a few nights another new play was produced — The Hunchback of Sheridan Knowles; Miss Kemble enacted the leading part, Julia, the author appearing as Master Walter. The part of Julia she made especially her own, and in this country was liked in it perhaps above all.

About this time she finished a second tragedy, *The Star of Seville*, upon which she had been engaged for a long time. It appears somewhat superior in literary merit to the first; it was not acted. *Francis the First*

was bought by a London Publisher for twenty-two hundred dollars.

From her "Records of a Girlhood" we see that this sudden change and brilliant success did not turn her head, and that her greatest pleasures were in her own home; the diary for one day saying—"went to the theatre, afterward played Juliet, after the play went home where we all acted charades and proverbs."

These two remarkable books, "Records of a Girlhood," and "Records of Later Life," consist principally of a series of letters written by Miss Kemble to her friend Miss St. Leger. Meeting, when young, at the house of a mutual acquaintance in England, an intimacy sprang up between them which never lessened. In all her various occupations, in all her wanderings, Miss Kemble constantly communicated with this friend of her youth, and after a period of forty years, after she had passed the age of sixty, her friend returned the letters at her request: they were published, and thus form a story of an eventful life.

After acting three years in England, her father decided to cross the ocean with his daughter. Accordingly on the first of August, 1832, Chas. Kemble, Fanny and her aunt, embarked on a packet for New York. It was before the days of transatlantic steamers, and the vessel was

thirty-four days on the passage. Miss Kemble kept a journal of her life on this ship, and of her American tour with her father: this published narrative forms most interesting reading. Her descriptions of what she saw, what she did, and whom she met, are racy and vivid: her language is sometimes over flowery, and the transitions from philosophical reasonings or sentimental descriptive to matter-of-fact record are sudden enough. Here is a bit from the sea-story — “After tea, for the first time since I have been on board, got hold of a pack of cards,— Oh, that it should ever come to this,—and initiated Miss H. into the mysteries of the intellectual game. How my home rose before me as I did so. Played till I was tired, dozed, and finally came to bed. Bed quotha! ’tis a frightful misapplication of terms. Oh for a bed; a real bed, any manner of bed, but a bed on shipboard. Yet I have seen some fair things. I have seen a universe of air and water; I have seen the glorious sun come and look down on this rolling sapphire; I have seen the moon throw her silver columns along the watery waste; I have seen one lonely ship in her silent walk across this wilderness, meet another, greet her, and pass her by, like a dream on the wide, wide deep. I have seen what I would not but have seen, though I have left my very soul behind me,

England! dear England! Oh for a handful of your earth."

Shortly after arrival in New York, the two artists began their work: success soon came to them here as elsewhere through this country: leaving New York for a while they went to Philadelphia and then returned to the former city to fulfill another engagement. Their success was well-earned. Charles Kemble's scholarly and refined impersonations of Hamlet and other characters in tragedy were in their way, the best perhaps that the new world had ever seen; his daughter brought to her task youth, beauty, intelligence, industry and the inspiration that comes from a name and a reputation. She lacked the commanding figure and probably most of the genius which raised her aunt, Sarah Siddons, to the very highest dramatic plane. She brought no devotion to her art, no enthusiasm for it, for its sake. She analyzed it coldly and keenly and her estimate of it was filled with a tone of disfavor based largely upon truth, and written perhaps with sadness.

Here are remarks from her journal, at this time, when she nightly received the plaudits, and by day the marked attention of the people of New York, when her career was one continued triumph—"Whilst the poems, the sculptures of the old Grecian time yet remain to these

latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty,—whilst the poets of Rome surviving the trophies of her thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths, whilst Dante, Boccaccio, and Michael Angelo yet live and breathe and have their being amongst us through the rich legacy their genius has bequeathed to time, whilst the wild music of Salvator Rosa, solemn and sublime as his painting, yet sings in our ears, and the souls of Shakspere, Milton, Raphael, and Titian, are yet shedding into our souls divinest influences from the very fountains of inspiration, where are the pageants that night after night during the best era of dramatic excellence riveted the gaze of thousands and drew forth their acclamations?—gone, like rosy sunset clouds, fair painted vapors; lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams, leaving no trace in heaven, no token of their ever being there. Where are the labors of Garrick, Maclin, Cook, Kemble or Mrs. Siddons? What have these great actors left either to delight the sense, or elevate the soul, but barren names, unwedded to a single lasting evidence of greatness. To me it seems no art, but merely a highly rational, interesting and exciting amusement, and I think that men may as well, much better perhaps, spend three hours in a theatre than in a billiard or bar-room, and this is the extent of my appro-

bation and admiration of my art. Called on Mrs. H. whom I like very much. Went to the riding school to try a new horse ; which was ten hands high, all covered with shaggy, angry looking hair, with a donkey's head and cart-horse legs, with one of which he peached. While there saw Dr. S's horse standing with a man's saddle on. Asked J. to help me mount him and then sent him away. Rode round for an hour without a pommel and found that I managed it famously."

The Kembles next went to Baltimore. They found the theatre there less convenient, though the audiences were good, and they made pleasant acquaintances during their stay. Miss Fanny was told of a conversation, concerning her, between two negro servants ; one asked of the other—"Have you seen de new missus at de theatre?" "No sah ! I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Kemble in private society";—he was the man who brought the horse round from the stable to the hotel steps when she went riding.

Washington was next visited. Jackson was then at the head of the nation, and the Kembles called at the White House ; the daughter was impressed with the plain honest manners of the soldier-president. While staying at the capitol the first real unpleasant experience occurred. An English friend asked Miss Fanny to go

riding one day, and brought with him a young American who furnished her a horse, and went with them; on their way the young lady became displeased with her animal and said jokingly to the Englishman that she did not like American horses and would give him two dollars to let her ride his. Two or three days afterwards, returning to her room one day, she found her father there looking very much vexed; a middle-aged man with an anxious face sat in front of him. "Fanny," said he, "something very unpleasant has happened. What did you say on your ride last Thursday? This gentleman tells me it has caused great comment, and that unless I retract it and apologize for it, you will be hissed off the stage to-night." The young lady related the conversation and the circumstances. "Well," said the stranger, "it has caused considerable feeling here: fifty congressmen have been to me about it," and he arose and took his leave of them. She went to the theatre that night with fear and trembling, but the anticipated unfriendly demonstration did not occur. This episode as well as many other observations which she made and noted down, show us how different and changed is the present state of the nation from that of fifty years ago. The national feeling was then intensely strong. The manners of the people, as seen through

her pages, certainly appear in marked contrast, in every walk of life, and whether it is for the better or the worse it is apparent that America is becoming less American every day.

A return to New York, a tour through the state and then a journey to Boston.

The young lady's journal is filled with praises of the Sound steamboat. If it was n't quite so long ago I should think that the boat might be "the largest, stanchest and most palatial excursion steamer in the world," making daily trips to points of interest in Boston Bay, for the last few summers. Fare \$1.

The descriptions of Boston and its suburbs are no less interesting because those places are familiar ones. Cambridge, Mt. Auburn, Fresh Pond, Blue Hills, Chelsea Beach, and Bunker Hill are all recognized. Miss Fanny goes to the State House and is confronted at once with Chantrey's Statue of Washington, which she had seen years before on the other side of the water in his studio. She starts for the cupola, and makes the common mistake of striding briskly up the first few steps till she is out of breath, and then toil up the long remainder to find a hazy sky and a strong cold wind blowing through, and so comes down again. From her rooms in the Tremont House she could look across at

the old Tremont Theatre, where she and her father played their engagement, and see the crowds besieging the ticket office, a sight which must have been conducive to vanity. She mentions one expedient that seems to have been neglected of late years, one that some of us might use some time. It seems that some of the men who wanted choice seats dressed as laborers and smeared their clothes with grease and molasses so that the crowd would not press them too closely while they were securing their seats.

At Philadelphia, Miss Kemble was introduced to the writer, Catharine Sedgwick, and the result was a long and intimate friendship between the two. An eventful change was soon to come in her life. In one of the cities she became acquainted with Mr. Pierce Butler, a southern planter who spent his winters north, and in June, 1834, they were united in marriage. A farewell to the stage was taken; Charles Kemble returned to England, and his daughter went with her husband to his northern home in Philadelphia. In November, 1836, she returned to England with her child and nurse, enduring a dangerously stormy passage of twenty-eight days. After a pleasant visit with her parents of a few months, during which she renewed her acquaintance with London society, she returned to America by a voyage of

thirty-seven days, and resumed her home in Philadelphia, where she received a visit from Mrs. Jameson, who was then traveling in this country.

In the fall of 1838, Mr. Butler took his wife and children to his rice and cotton plantations in Georgia. One being on Butler Island, the other on St. Simon's Island. These islands are situated on the Atlantic coast, at the mouth of the Altamaha or Alatamaha, as the full Indian word is, and one or both of them may be seen on maps of the southern states. Her journey thither and her life there were regularly chronicled in a long series of letters to Miss Elizabeth Sedgwick, the sister of the authoress.

Thoroughly distasteful was the new life in the south; perhaps to an Englishwoman was a close acquaintance with slavery more repugnant than to most any one. She at once began the task of improving the condition of the blacks about the estate and accomplished much; but after a time met with obstacles. Her husband was kind and indulgent; but from his birth and position saw things in a different light. Besides tidings of the state of affairs reached the negroes and their masters on other plantations, and the jealous planters disliked the whole thing, and the husband of the English bride was made uncomfortable by their insinuations. We

can see, therefore, that there was cause for acrimony. The third winter Mrs. Butler was not allowed to go South.

In 1841 they visited England. Her mother had died and her father retired from the stage. After a sojourn of two years they returned to America. Her married life proved unhappy and after some years of alienation a final separation ensued.

Mrs. Butler returned to Europe and visited her sister Adelaide in Rome. This sister had been a famous opera singer, she was now married to a Mr. Edward Sartoris, an Englishman, and their son Algernon Sartoris became the husband of Nellie Grant, the President's daughter.

While in Italy or after her stay, Mrs. Butler published a book called "A Year of Consolation." It was necessary that she should again return to the stage as an occupation, and in 1846 she made her reëntry in London, and after thirteen years' absence regained her popularity. She returned to the United States and gave a series of Shaksperean readings in the principal cities and then bought a farmhouse in Lenox, Massachusetts, near her friends the Sedgwicks, and of late years has lived in retirement in Philadelphia, but is now once more in England.

While in England, in 1842, she received a letter from Lydia Maria Child asking permission to publish parts of her Southern journal, probably for use as an anti-slavery tract. From prudential reasons she felt constrained to refuse the request. In 1863, during the civil war, these reasons no longer remaining, the letters were published in England under the title "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation," and afterwards reprinted in this country. It is valuable, because it is a record of an era in the life of this nation which has passed away.

During her stay in Philadelphia, Mrs. Kemble attended the Unitarian church with which her husband and his people were connected. She became attached to the pastor, Dr. Furness, and seems ever afterwards to have remained interested in the denomination. At one time she writes "I have heard Dr. Channing, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Furness, Dr. Follen, William and Henry Ware, but think that James Martineau surpassed these men in his preaching." James Martineau a brother of Harriet Martineau was and is if still living an English Unitarian divine.

In one of her letters from America to her friend, Miss St. Leger, she writes, "I have just lost a friend, Dr. Follen; a man to whose character no words of mine

could do justice ; he has been publicly mourned from more than one Christian pulpit, and Dr. Channing in a discourse after his death, has spoken of him as one whom many thought the most perfect man they ever knew. Among those many I was one. I have never seen any one whom I revered, loved, and admired more than I did Dr. Follen. He perished with above a hundred others in a burning steamboat (the Lexington) on the Long Island Sound, at night and in midwinter, the freezing waters affording no chance of escape to the boldest swimmer, or the most tenacious clinger to existence. He perished in the very flower of vigorous manhood, separated for the first time from a most dearly loved wife and child, who were prevented from accompanying him by sickness." And in a footnote to the published page of the above, she says, "Dr. Charles Follen, known in his own country as Carl Follenius, became an exile from it for the sake of his political convictions, which in his youth he had advocated with a passionate fervor that made him even in his college days obnoxious to its governing authorities. He wrote some fine spirited Volkslieder that the students approved of more than the masters, and was so conspicuous in the vanguard of liberal opinions, that the fatherland became an unwholesome residence for him, and he emigrated to America,

where all his aspirations towards enlightened freedom found elbowroom ; and where he became an ordained Unitarian preacher. He was a man of remarkable physical vigor and excelled in all feats of strength and activity, having when first he came to Boston opened a gymnasium for the training of the young Harvard scholars in such exercises. He had the sensibility and gentleness of a woman, the imagination of a poet, and the courage of a hero. His countenance was the reflection of his noble nature. My intercourse with him influenced my life while it lasted, and long after his death the thought of what would have been approved or condemned by him, affected my actions. Many years after his death, I was speaking of him to Waeleker, the Nestor of German professors, the most learned of German Historians and Antiquarians, and he broke out into enthusiastic praise of Follen who had been his pupil at Jena, and to whose worth he bore with deep emotion, a glowing testimony."

The professional ability and personal worth of the Kemble family made them welcome in English society, and Miss Fanny reaped the benefits of their position. In this country she was probably liked for her own merits. In her public and private life in Europe she has met many prominent people ; and among those who

may be classed as friends or acquaintances we find Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Macaulay, Rogers the poet, Sidney Smith, Geo. Stevenson, Mrs. Jameson, Mary Somerville, Lady Morgan, Dickens, Thackeray, Lady Byron, Mendelssohn, Weber, Liszt, Macdonald the sculptor, Barry Cornwall, Carlyle, and others. A brother, John Mitchell Kemble, two years her junior, became noted for his researches in the language of the ancient Saxons and his writings on the diplomacy of the European courts, some of his papers being catalogued by the Boston Public Library. Among his schoolmates whom Miss Fanny used to meet at her father's house, were Alfred Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, John Sterling, Richard French, Richard Monckton Milnes and Thackeray. Hallam, known as a British poet and essayist, died at twenty-two, and of him Tennyson wrote his poem "In Memoriam." John Sterling, critic and essayist, also died young; Richard French became an author, and archbishop of Dublin; John Kemble in his youth with French and some other college friends, had their enthusiasm enlisted in the cause of Spanish liberty and went to Spain to assist in an uprising. They were fortunate to get back to England as the incipient rebellion was quickly quelled and some of the ringleaders shot.

In America Miss Kemble has known Sumner, Long-

fellow, Mrs. Stowe, Irving, Channing and others. To Mendelssohn, she was introduced when he was in London a youth of nineteen. She was playing her first season of *Juliet*: after the performance, the leader of the orchestra lifted her off the stage in her grave clothes and presented the young composer who was present. About that time George Stephenson had not only completed his locomotive, but had just finished what was then considered a marvel of engineering, the building of the railroad from Manchester to Liverpool across the Chat-moss. Miss Kemble and her father acting in those cities were invited to make the trial trip with Stephenson over this the first passenger railway in the world. Sitting in the cab with Stephenson he told her the story of his trials and triumphs. Writing of the occasion to her friend she says: "Now for a word or two about the master of all these marvels, with whom I am horribly in love. He is a man of from fifty to fifty-five years of age, his face is fine, though careworn, and bears an expression of deep thoughtfulness; his mode of explaining his ideas is peculiar, and very original, striking and forcible, and although his accent indicates strongly his north country birth, his language has not the slightest touch of vulgarity or coarseness. He has certainly turned my head." Such were her impressions

of George Stephenson, a digger of coal at Newcastle, surely one of Nature's noblemen.

Washington Irving, Miss Kemble met in London, he being a friend of her father's and on coming to America the acquaintance was renewed. The simplicity and quiet humor of our American author is seen in an incident which she relates. As Miss Kemble returned home on the night of her first performance in London and sat at the supper table, she found beside her plate a beautiful watch, a present from her father. On the following morning, Irving called at the house to offer his congratulations on the success of the opening night. Miss Fanny's first action was to run and bring her watch. Irving took it and after admiring the handsome case put it to his ear and said with a look of mock surprise, "Why it goes, does n't it?" She frequently met the London wit, Sidney Smith, in society, although her sister Adelaide seems to have been more of a favorite with him. Among the society people of that day were Grote the London banker and historian of Greece and his wife; the former was a quiet, unassuming man while Mrs. Grote a leader in society, a great patron of musicians and their art, was highly eccentric in her dress and manner, and conveyed an impression of masculinity; and on one occasion coming into a room full of company

with a flaming red turban on her head, Smith turned to Miss Kemble and said, "Now I know the meaning of the word grotesque." At another time speaking of this couple he said, "I like them, I like them, I like him, he 's so ladylike ; and I like her, she is such a perfect gentleman."

The first member of the Kemble family to come to America was Mrs. Whitelock, a sister of Chas. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons ; she came here previous to the year 1800, on a professional tour ; and had among her audiences Washington and other prominent men of the day.

Probably the last of the race to appear on the American stage is Mrs. Scott Siddons, a great-granddaughter of Sarah Siddons.

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM.

The Arnold Arboretum at Boston is a place possessing novel and interesting features in scientific plant culture. Its origin was a bequest made to Harvard College by James Arnold, a citizen of Massachusetts. By the provisions of the bequest a sum of \$100,000 was to be invested and kept intact until, with accumulated interest, it should increase to \$150,000, the income from this sum to be used by the college in the scientific study of woody and herbaceous plants, hardy in New England.

A tract of land comprising about 170 acres, included in a bequest made to the college by Benjamin Bussey, and situated in the outlying district of Jamaica Plain, had been chosen, when the park commissioners of Boston decided that this very tract was required for the city's system of parks. An arrangement was finally concluded by which the territory was made to serve each corporation. The college, by a deed, transferred the title to the property to the city, and then obtained the use of the land by means of a lease. By the terms of the lease the college was to have the use of the land

for 1,000 years by the payment of one dollar a year, with the privilege of renewal. The city, on its part, was to build roads, furnish police, and, if necessary, introduce a further supply of water. And the Arboretum was to be open to the public every day from 7 o'clock A. M. until sunset, under rules similar to those governing the public park system of Boston.

As its name indicates, the study of tree growth is the most prominent feature of the work at the Arboretum ; and, with some slight exceptions, the cultivation of herbaceous plants is held in abeyance. The Arboretum thus differs from a botanic garden ; as in the latter place all forms of vegetable growth might properly have positions. In the prosecution of the work separate plantations are arranged for the different groups or families. Thus of the maples, the ashes, the oaks, the elms, the walnuts, the hickories and the birches, each family occupies exclusively an allotted space.

In starting a plantation the soil is especially prepared ; the history of each individual is noted ; the tree, when placed in the ground, is numbered, a corresponding number being marked on a plan of the plantation ; and the height of the tree and other features are recorded. The growth of the different species is then carefully watched ; the insects that infest them are studied ; and

many other observations required by the art and science of arboriculture are made.

The "shrubbery" is one of the most interesting spots in the Arboretum. Bed after bed of shrubs and prostrate and climbing vines make this section a place of attractiveness for the lover of color; either in the spring-time, when the shrubs are sheeted with blossoms, or in the fall, when many of the plants are ablaze with scarlet berries. Some of the individuals are more than ordinarily interesting. For instance, here is a shrub which the visitor, by consulting the painted stake at its side, finds to be a nevusia — (*N. Alabamensis*). This plant, as its specific name implies, is native in Alabama. It is a rare plant even there; growing only in a limited tract of country. As a stranger from the South the nevusia excites attention because of the hardiness it exhibits in continuing a vigorous existence in the latitude of Boston. Further on is a gordonia. Of the genus gordonia there were formerly two species in the South — *G. lasyanthus*, a tree still common in the Gulf states under the name of loblolly bay, and *G. pubescens*, the variety of which the shrub at the Arboretum is a type. *Gordonia pubescens* was discovered near the Altamaha river in Georgia by John Bartram, a botanist of colonial times. Subsequent botanists have sought

in vain to find the plant in its habitat. In recent years men have been sent by C. S. Sargent, the director of the Arnold Arboretum, to the banks of the Altamaha, but the long lost *gordonia* has not been found.

In other instances has the book of nature been opened at a certain page by some explorer, not to be re-opened at the same place. The elder Michaux, while visiting Bartram's estate on the Schuylkill, saw there an oak, the counterpart of which he never found in his subsequent travels. The yellow honeysuckle found by the same botanist in a Southern state has not been re-discovered in the same region; though it has been introduced into various parts of the country by means of seeds sent from France. Other cases of this kind have been recorded; but there is a reason for being reluctant to believe that in all such instances a distinct species was discovered; position, climatic influence, and other causes sometimes producing other than an ordinary type of the species.

Experiments in hybridization are not frequently made at the Arboretum, the shrubbery containing for the greater part natural plants so placed that they may be seen growing under a high degree of cultivation, many visitors thus realizing for the first time how many denizens of the woods and wilds may be called upon to ornament the lawn and the garden.

In the spring of 1891 the authorities instituted a course of lectures and field meetings, by which those in attendance may gain an acquaintance with forest trees and acquire a readiness in identifying types of the various kinds. The sojourner in the country or the occasional visitor in the woods finds his pleasures enhanced if he is able to call by name the different trees under whose shade he passes in his rambles. While the merest tyro will not confound a cedar with a maple, to distinguish with a glance the black, the red, and the scarlet oaks, or to correctly name the native conifers, except for one to the manner born, is an accomplishment acquired only by instruction, supplemented with continuous observation. The backwoodsman, wishing to fell a hemlock, walks along through the forest and knows his tree when he comes to it by a glance at its trunk and foliage. The student in botany, approaching for the first time the same tree, consults his text-book, and by a process of confirmation and exclusion, he, too, decides the tree to be a hemlock. A person, though having but a slight knowledge of the science of botany, may hope, by joining with the meetings at the Arboretum, to attain a position between these two individuals.

The following method of instruction at these meetings is employed: Fresh specimens of the foliage, and, if in

the season of flowering, the flowers of the different species of the genera to be studied, are arranged for inspection in the class-room, and for further notice at home. The instructor then briefly describes the characteristics of the genera under observation, and the distinguishing feature of each species. At the close of the in-door instruction the class repairs to the plantations and to the natural woods of the Arboretum, where the subject of the day and the subjects of previous lessons are gone over in review. The shrubbery also is frequently visited as the various plants put forth their blossoms, or as their leaves and fruit take on the hues of autumn ; and, as a result of these visits, members of the class who have gardens or spacious grounds become possessed of an extended judgment to use in selecting trees or shrubs for adornment. Two or more meetings are devoted to outside excursions. Middlesex Fells, Muddy Pond Woods, or some other spot is visited, the occasion being used by the instructor to further test the knowledge possessed by members of the class.

Membership in these classes is obtained by the payment of a fee, and they that have found time to be present at one or more of the terms have derived profit and enjoyment by giving attention to the subjects brought to their notice.

THE GRAY PINE.

Of the four pines native in New England, the white pine and the red are valuable as timber producing trees: the pitch pine is a great producer of heat when used as fuel; while the gray or scrub pine — *Pinus Banksiana* — would seem at first to be possessed of little or no merit. It is not often called upon to furnish lumber, neither is it an ornamental tree; but there are interesting features pertaining to its existence.

If, as Darwin says, the oak is driving the pine from the forest, the gray pine will be the last of the family to go; for it is tenacious of life and is able to exist under severe conditions; yet its methods of continuing its race are uncertain, as we shall see.

While the seeds of the white pine are formed one season and ripen and fall from the cone in the early autumn of the next year, the seeds of the scrub pine do not so soon reach the soil. The cones containing them remain sealed and persist to the stem. Year after year passes; the wood even grows over the base of the cone, yet all is repose. After a long period of waiting a fire

sweeps through the forest ; then it is that the gray pine cones open their scales and fling to the wind the germs of life they have so long held.

The escape of the seeds under these circumstances has led some observers to reason that forest fires are natural phenomena ; furnishing this pine a means to perpetuate its species. If fire destroys a forest of white pine, that tree can hardly regain a foothold ; the scrub pine, however, moves into the burnt district and thrives ; as does the aspen. It is this displacement by inferior trees, brought about partly at least through the agencies of civilization, that has given rise to the opinion that the white pine will be known in the future only by specimens in parks and private grounds, unless civilization establishes counter agencies to preserve it as a forest growth.

The gray pine when thus occupying burnt land gradually improves the soil ; and when some hardwood seedling springs up it is shaded by the older tree, which thus acts as a nurse ; and this seems to be the mission of this tree.

Though placed in the list of New England trees, the Banksian pine is not found wild south of the forty-fourth parallel. It abounds above this line in some of the Western states ; and in Canada it ranges across the

country and up through the British possessions to the westward of Hudson's bay; whence it pushes northward with a group of trees comprising the American larch, the canoe birch, the trembling aspen, and the black and the white spruces. Just within the Arctic circle, at about latitude sixty-six, a separation takes place; the pine and the deciduous trees have reached their northern limit; while the spruces are able to lead a struggling existence for one hundred miles beyond to a point near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, where the extreme cold holds them down to less than half their size; and where, if we except the little arctic willow, they represent the northern limit of tree growth on this continent.

THREE ITALIANS.

THIS flame which burnt for Italy,
It would not let her haters sleep ;
They blew at it with angry breath
And only fed its upward leap,
And only made it hot and deep ;
Its burning showed us Italy,
And all the hopes she had to keep.

Laura C. Reddin.

On the little island of Caprera, situated in the Mediterranean sea near the larger island, Sardinia, lives one who, though not possessing the elements of greatness, has gained for his name a place most unique among the famous of modern times, and who, by audacity and brilliant strokes of energy, has won his way into the councils of kings, compelling them, even while they smiled at the grotesqueness of the scene, to ask or accept his service. The reader already recognizes the individual, and when the story of Italy is told, the name of Guiseppé Garibaldi is found intertwined with the narrative.

On our next Fourth of July, Garibaldi will have completed 75 years of life, and if the old chief possesses a

contemplative mind, he will find the hours of his next birthday busy with the retrospective view of his active manhood. Perhaps he will suddenly cross to his school-days at Genoa, when with a few companions, he seized a boat and started for the Levant, only to be captured by his father and ignominiously returned. He will remember later on of stalking out of Genoa in disguise, with his name for the first time in print, under a sentence of death — a marked man — a proscrip. How much will then flood upon him — his first crossing of the Atlantic — his business career in South America — his stormy service for the struggling republic of Uruguay — his humble farm life with his young wife, the intrepid Brazilian girl, Anita, — and then the return and entry into the tumultuous scenes of warring Italy. At his call will be discerned the magic of a voice, as the volunteers flock around him to follow in his march across the Apennines, with the purpose before them of wrestling Venice from the Austrian clutch. Then will the shadows come. He will release his soldiers from their fruitless toil and again will struggle on with a few comrades, bearing, with their help, his dying wife to a place of rest. Again will he place her in the peasant's hut, and sending away his companions, watch out the last moments alone. Should he continue the review,

he will recall his second ocean voyage — his labor in a candle manufactory on Staten Island — his visit to his old home at Montevidio — and then his second return and his brilliant career in the cause of Italian unity, and finally his retirement to the peaceful scenes of husbandry at Caprera. Yes, the path of Garibaldi has been strewn thick with events, and his efforts in one direction have been untiring, but the title of deliverer of Italy, which his friends claim for him, cannot be justly awarded to one man only. Three names at least must share whatever of honor or fame is attached to it — Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour. These are the men who have achieved the political union of the Italian peninsular, and though scarcely ever united, each working out a problem in her behalf.

Mazzini, the son of a physician, was brought up to follow the law; Garibaldi was a trained sailor, and Cavour, who received an excellent military education, was first a page at court and then a civil engineer. All three early in life turned their attention to the affairs of their country, and bent their energies to the task of changing its condition. The unification of Italy! The oft-mentioned dream of her patriot sons! What does it mean? What is the story? 'T is a tangled skein. Let us try to unravel a few threads. In Bonaparte's en-

deavor to aggrandize France, Italy of course engaged his early attention. Consisting of a number of petty states, each under its own ruler, he possessed himself of a collection of these principalities, and then handed it around among his relations and generals, awarding a kingdom to one, a dukedom to another, and so on, until a new list of rulers was substituted.

Soon after his fall, the heads of the European powers met at Vienna in 1815, and, with other business, provided for Italy. They returned most of the states to their former rulers, carrying out some such plan as the following one: Sardinia, (island) Savoy and Piedmont were returned to their king and Genoa added; Venice and Lombardy were made over to Austria, the latter province having been in her possession for three centuries; the Neapolitan States and Tuscany were given back to their former sovereigns; the Pope returned to Rome; Modena was given to Duke Francis, Parma to Marie Louise, the Austrian wife of Napoleon, and little San Marino allowed to govern itself, as it now does—a miniature republic—the toy among nations.

Such then was the political aggregation which could be known geographically, only, as Italy, when these three men came upon the stage. If the different States had been model governments, the case would have

deserved less notice ; but they were not. Most of them were little despotisms ruled in a manner tyrannical and cruel for this century. Mazzini was the first to apply himself to the work of reform. His ideas and methods differ often from Garibaldi's, and are most always opposed to those of Cavour. He seems to have been interested as a boy in the regeneration of Italy, and at an early age he found out and joined the Carbonari, a society whose purpose was to revolutionize the existing governments. The organization had gained but a few temporary successes, and Mazzini, not liking its lethargic movements, sought more active service. He soon fell under the suspicion of the government, and being entrapped into revealing his membership in the society, was thrown into prison. After several months of confinement, he was tried and acquitted, but upon the request of the governor of Genoa, the king set aside the verdict of the judges and bade the young schemer choose between seclusion in a small interior town and exile. Mazzini chose the latter, went to France, and soon began the building up of "Young Italy," the organization which he had planned in prison. The theory of this institution was, that Italy was destined to be a republic, that it could be united under no other form of government, and that the change was to be brought about by contin-

ual insurrections in each and every province, to be sustained by guerilla warfare. Its writings, smuggled into Italy by sailors and others, found ready converts among the youth of the land, and the organization grew rapidly. The governments soon heard of it, and at their request the French authorities ordered the exiles out of France. The leaders stayed, however, and Mazzini, thus forced to conceal himself, worked on in secret, for twenty years, he says, a voluntary prisoner in a little room. His enthusiasm and vitality were unbounded. Day and night for months and years, in France, Switzerland or England engaged in this anxious, perilous work, often deserted, sometimes betrayed, gaining few real victories and least of all a crowning triumph, he passed his life in the pursuit of his ideal. His impatience with all forms of monarchy, and his speculative theories of a republican Europe, found little sympathy among the older thinking minds, and many regarded him as a Utopist and a fanatic, more dangerous to the cause of Italy than a pronounced foe. If a dreamer, he was terribly active when awake, and he accomplished much. His expectations were simply beyond the reach of fulfillment in his time. He lived chiefly, then, on a stubborn faith in principle, seeing but few direct results from his labors. As state after state was won by the sword of Garibaldi or the

diplomacy of Cavour, and added to the Sardinian kingdom, the nucleus of the growing nation, Mazzini saw no step towards the realization of his hopes, each conquest being but a barren victory for republican growth. It is a proof of his power, however, that as a fugitive and exile, working with the precarious methods of his adoption, he was able to infuse his spirit through the land under the watchful eye of jealous tyranny, and to make his existence the source of uneasiness to the rulers on the continent, so that, to use his own words, there was not an inch of ground in all Europe, excepting Switzerland, on which he could legally tread. The unjust association of his name which acts of personal violence committed by some of his followers, did much to injure him with the contemporary public, yet he had warm friends in England, and liberal thought everywhere had some sympathy for his work for Italy. Perhaps with the exception of President Garfield's funeral, no burial of modern times has drawn so many people together as Mazzini's, eighty thousand people coming to pay tribute to their leader. The writings of Mazzini, though somewhat visionary, are inspiring and interesting, and the generous descriptions of the friends of his youth draw the reader towards him.

And Garibaldi, the man who chooses to fight his bat-

ties, appear in council, and sit for his portrait in the easy freedom of a red shirt; is it not hard to study his career and not sum it up as the record of the daring adventurer and energetic soldier of fortune, rather than of the earnest patriot? His entrance into the quarrel between France and Germany, and later his proffered assistance to the Paris Commune, lead to such a conclusion; or else we fail to reach the planes of his devotion to the liberty of the common people everywhere.

Though at first in close union with Mazzinian principles, he cast them aside for the service of Charles Albert and Victor Emanuel. Italy united as a kingdom or as a republic is acceptable, if he can but bear a hand in the formation. His delight is in military exploits, and "too trained in camps to learn a statesman's part," he must have little liked the order of things, hastened by his own prowess, which relegated him to the shade of his vine and fig-tree at Caprera.

In Cavour's life, then, we see well-directed effort and carefully estimated strength. Moderate monarchy! that has been soil encouraging to till throughout Europe, with the exception of Russia and Turkey. Cavour believed in it; he did not care to look beyond it. England was his model, and his Italy should approach her construction. The achievements of her statesmen were

the stimulants of his ambition. Having made some remarks of too liberal a nature, he was imprisoned at the age of eighteen. Writing to a friend who condoled with him, he said, “I am very ambitious ; and when I am minister I shall justify my ambition ; for I tell you in my dreams I already see myself minister of the kingdom of Italy.” Seldom does a man map out his career and follow it so closely and completely. Cavour united early with the more moderate men of patriotism, and expressing his ideas vigorously in print, a party was formed of which he was a leading spirit. At the proper time it was decided to take a step forward, and accordingly they asked of Charles Albert a constitution for his kingdom. Ostensibly the petition bears the signature of moderate monarchy ; but does not the king see the shadowy tracing of young Italy stamped in the paper ? The king, who made some pretence at being a reformer himself, granted the request. This was the first tillage. Mazzini sows and Cavour reaps. Charles Albert recognized the young man’s ability and soon placed him in power. The work begun must now be forwarded with pen and sword. The disastrous battle of Norara compelled the king to make way for his son, Victor Emmanuel. The new ruler was still more impressed with the rising statesman, and a minister’s seat at the council

was soon given him. Cavour now had opportunity to institute some of the reforms which his visit to England had suggested to him. The work of unification was not lost sight of. The alliance with France for war with Austria forms a peculiar part of its history. This struggle, which consisted of the single campaign of the summer of 1859, was a series of brilliant victories for the allied arms culminating at Solferino. But why at Solferino? The question has had many answers. The title of king, generally of some importance, was not just the one for Victor Emanuel then, for emperors only met at Villafranca. The Sardinian troops had borne their share of the heat of battle, but their commander was not asked to the arbitration. The result of the conference between Louis and Francis was that the border province of Lombardy was given to Italy, while Venetia remained with Austria. The sudden peace and the terms given him to accept, were a check and surprise to the minister. He had counted on no half loaf apportionment, in view of the brilliant successes of the war. His chagrin caused him to lose his temper, and a heated discussion with the king led to his temporary retirement. Another surprise soon came upon the people. The rejoicings for the acquisition of the fertile Lombard plains were hardly begun when Napoleon claimed the attention

of the government. He asked for services rendered, the ceding to France of Nice and Savoy. Cavour, now reinstated, had this vexed question to settle. He seems to have made a virtue of necessity by asking the people to decide by a plebiscite under which government they would live. The choice was rather mortifying to the Italian patriots. A large majority voted for annexation to France; and by treaty Nice and Savoy became French territory — Nice, the birth-place of Garibaldi. The chieftain could scarcely forgive Cavour for thus pushing his native land from under his feet, and Savoy, the province on which was founded the house of Savoy, the father to a line of kings that shall grace Italy. It was this transaction that won for Victor Emanuel among his enemies the title of the modern Esau — exchanging his (Savoy) birthright for a mess of (Lombardy) pottage. In the spring of 1860 the restless Republicans revolted in Sicily, and Garibaldi, ever on the alert, went to help them. With extraordinary success he wrested the land from its ruler, and then turned to Naples. Cavour opposed or pretended to oppose these movements; but the guerilla chief, who seems to have given himself an independent commission as commander-in-chief of the destinies of Italy, cared nothing for the orders sent him. When success became apparent, Cavour quickly turned

and aided the expedition, and the result was that on Victor Emanuel's entry into Naples he was hailed by Garibaldi as "King of Italy," and the Sardinian monarch, to whose net all that came were fishes, did not, like Cæsar, even reluctantly put aside the crown. In the meantime Tuscany, Parma and Modena had united themselves to the growing kingdom. Cavour did not live to see the papal states and Venetia placed under the sway of his king, his death occurring June 6, 1861. On the flight of Pius the IX., caused by an uprising in Rome, a republic was proclaimed, and Mazzini, who had reappeared in Italy, enjoyed for a short time the privileges of self-government, he being chosen one of the triumvirs. Early in the year French troops were landed on the coast, but their march was not without opposition. The city was put in a state of defence, and a determined resistance decided upon. The wily French emperor, it is said, sent word to the triumvirs by the Ambassador de Lesseps (of canal fame) that their rule would not be disturbed; while to Oudinot, who had been rather roughly handled by Garibaldi, he insinuated that reinforcements would not be wanting, and that the honor of the French arms must be maintained. That general accordingly pushed on, invested the city, and in a month's time forced its surrender;

the pope was restored, the French troops remained, and Mazzini's star again went down.

By the alliance with Prussia in 1866, the long wished for Venice was recovered to Italy, and on the fall of Napoleon in 1870, the French support being thus removed, Victor Emanuel took possession of the papal states. A plebiscite was offered the people, and the result was more flattering than in the case above mentioned. The populace expressing almost unanimously their wish to unite with Italy, the states were incorporated, and the king thus had the satisfaction of seeing the completion of his boot-shaped empire, over which he ruled till his death in 1878. Mazzini, two years the senior of Garibaldi and five of Cavour, had died in 1872. Garibaldi remains in retirement at his island home. The work of the three men, covering so many years of the same period, is thus practically ended. Modern Italy as a nation may date from 1861. If the fusion of a number of sovereignties into a limited monarchy is a movement towards free government, then is the prophecy of Bonaparte, that Europe would be all Cossack or all republican, a step nearer a liberal solution.

RAIN IN NEW ENGLAND.

As our weather in New England is made up of a number of different phases or conditions, so is one of those phases diversified in character or mode of exhibition. This element, the rain, comes to us in different ways at different times, although, of course, always similar in itself, with the exception perhaps of a variation of temperature. A popular account may be attempted of these visits, so irregular in their coming and so uncertain in their stay.

Firstly, there may be mentioned one kind of a summer shower. It may occur on a sultry afternoon in August. Unobserved and unexpected masses of light gray clouds stealthily place themselves between sky and earth. If we look out of the window in time we see spots of moisture on the walk where the first drops are falling; if not, we are soon apprised of the event by the gentle sound of the rain sifting through the trees. Going to the door we notice the fresh, familiar smell present at such a time. Whence comes this odor? Is it caused by the water mixing with the dust? is it washed

out of the leaves? or is it a mere sensation resulting from the purifying effect of the descending shower. But little rain falls on these occasions though the weather may appear unsettled for the rest of the day.

Then there is the thunder shower—a companion of the early summer months. This, too, comes in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening, and its advent is heralded with considerable pomp. As the leaden clouds loom up in the westward, we all know the character of their contents and confidently expect that Nature will shortly make an oration. To describe her remarks, her delivery, and her gestures, requires a master hand, and we will confine ourselves to the aqueous element. The first fall is in huge, scattering drops, and as Byron compares the dripping of the blood from the gladiator's wound to these first drops, it would appear that this is the usual way that thunder showers begin in Europe as well as with us. This skirmishing, however, is brief, something more decided quickly following, and sheets of water are soon deluging the surface of the ground.

Thunder showers may work in one of two ways—the business may be rapidly dispatched, the clouds soon swept away, and the sun appear victoriously on the scene, or they may be reinforced by other clouds charged with rain, and the contest kept up until night, or even

the day following ; and, if the storm has not been too violent, the sun again looks forth on a blooming country, beaming everywhere with renewed beauty and vigor. We may finish the remarks on these showers by repeating what others have said, that if the atmosphere is cooled at all it is by the wind preceding the shower, rather than from the falling rain. During the last part of September we expect a legendary "line storm," which consists of two or three days of rain, accompanied by violent winds. This visitation, if it occurs, is often productive of serious damage to property and vegetation, and as the growing season is nearing the end, the rain is not apparently so beneficial. The storm, however, affords entertainment for those who love Nature in her more turbulent moods.

Rain in October is apt to come with northeast winds and a low temperature, and though not particularly desired by humanity in general is welcomed by sportsmen, as the severity of the gale drives large quantities of sea-fowl on to the coast.

If these rains are disagreeable, what shall we say of those of the last autumn month. All the beauty and pleasure attendant upon this feature of the weather has departed ; the dark gray clouds spread over the earth form a sullen, solid mass ; the vanes point fixedly to the

northeast, and the long continuing rain falls not upon reviving vegetation, but upon stripped fields, chaotic gardens and leafless trees. Sometimes it is in torrents, sometimes in drizzling mist, in large drops, in fine drops, but always wet, cold and incessant; and we see truth in the refrain of Shakspere's clown :

“ For the rain it raineth every day.”

One, perhaps two weeks of such weather cannot but have a depressing effect on the mind, and such an effect is apparent among the people gathered in the cars, the stores and the streets, and perhaps would also be seen in their homes. We meet with philosophic individuals who say to us that all this water is needed to fill up the ponds and springs before the long frost of winter sets in ; and as we are not prepared to dispute this assertion we extract comfort from it, and we may further solace ourselves by repeating the beautiful and assuring line :

“ Be still, sad heart, and cease repining.

Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.”

And so supported we battle with the blues, until at length the gloomy veil is lifted and a series of mellow, delicious days follow.

We had almost decided to say nothing about April showers which bring May flowers, for these gentle stimulators of bloom are often wanting, and the early blos-

soms sometimes have, like Burn's daisy, to glint forth amid the storm; and when we think of the sixty days of uncomfortable weather which we sometimes pass through, a raw east wind blowing upon us most of the time, and then of the traditionary mildness of spring, we are led to believe that the climate of this period of the year has undergone a change, or that we have implicitly based our expectations on the English writers, or that the ideas naturally possessed by the early settlers from England still retain an instinctive hold among us. Why else do we sing of gentle spring, with ice and snow, sleet and hail alternating about our doors?

Lastly may be mentioned a winter rain. This event is more interesting, perhaps, or less monotonous, in a large city. The falling torrents wash away the soiled and worn-out snow and scour the bricks of the side-walks to a brighter red. The scene at night has a certain charm for imaginative minds, and the flicker of the gas jets in their misty casings, the tramp of the rapidly-driven hack horses, now muffled by the inter-medial slush, now rattling on the washed pavements — the wet and dismal forms of the rubber-coated policemen — the ineffectual struggle of the lights from stores and dwellings to pierce the foggy darkness — and every-

where the drip and splash of the rain, have more than once tempted the pen of the writer of prose or verse.

Such are some of the exhibitions of an element which enters largely into the climate of New England. A climate which, notwithstanding the disagreeable features which have been hinted at, and some which have not, has much to commend it, possessing, as it does, for those who are to the manner born and who can stand its eccentricities, a never-failing interest, making it more satisfactory than the even-tempered climate of the Sandwich Islands, and furnishing, perhaps, more days in a year wholly delightful than that of San Francisco, which seldom sends the mercury above 85 degrees F. in summer, or below the freezing point in winter.

THE WEAKNESS OF AN OATH.

Throughout the civilized world, in order to secure the spoken truth, an oath is used. And yet, if we are to progress morally, the time will come when we shall stand at the point assigned us eighteen hundred years ago, when we were told to swear not at all.

Powerful as an oath apparently is, its exact influence cannot be measured, and possibly it is much less than supposed. Oaths to constancy and to truth have been broken ; and in any case where the promise has been kept, or the truth spoken, how are we to know whether to credit the result to the power of the pledge, or to the independent, moral strength of the person. Joseph Mazzini, when a young man, instituted the order of " Young Italy." From a few persons the organization spread through the provinces, and united together a large number of the youth of the land. Its avowed object was to free the several States from royal sway, and bind them together as a republic. Individuals on joining the society were required to swear that they would work to accomplish this purpose, " now and for-

ever." Yet Mazzini lived to see many of those who took this oath grow luke-warm and indifferent; some hostile, and some to ally with royalty, and oppose the principles of the institution. He remained true; he loved the whole of Italy and believed it to be her mission to unfurl the republican banner of freedom before the eyes of Europe. The delinquent associates lacked this love, and this faith; with them, then, the oath was insufficient: with him — superfluous.

A prestige may be assumed for an oath to further certain ends. Portia says to Shylock "There's thrice thy money offered thee!" He replies, "An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven. Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No, not for Venice." But further on, when he sees the impossibility of cutting out the pound of flesh without shedding one drop of blood, and the penalty for such shedding, he cries out, "I take the offer then — pay the bond thrice and let the Christian go."

The value of a life of temperance,—valuable because of the fact that the greatest blessings are secured to one's self, and conferred on others by such a life — this alone we think should be the injunction and incentive for our actions in that direction. If the claims for temperance are true, and truth does not prevail, will aught else?

If an oath secures an exact statement from one, who, free from its pressure, would give a false statement, why then, it is useful to that degree. But if the testifier be one who would tell the truth of his own free will, what a blow does morality then receive by its administration. It has been set aside ; a substitute has taken its place ; the beauty of truth has been shut out. In short, does the custom of taking oath tend to produce a love for truth and fidelity ?

WOODLAND CULTURE.

If the city should come into possession of a further tract of several acres, to be used for park purposes, I would venture to suggest a different treatment from that often employed with tracts of like areas. Instead of grass plots and walks of gravel, I think it would be well to make the place a repository of living specimens of the trees and shrubs native in New England.

It is true that a pleasing effect is more quickly attained by preparing a lawn than by making a thick planting of young trees, but in the course of time the trees would assume the grateful appearance of a wood or forest. Such a collection would be of value, from a historical point of view.

There are trees now growing wild about here that are not really native in this section of the country, and of the many foreign trees, shrubs, and vines that have been introduced in recent years, some have escaped from cultivation and established themselves in the woods and fields.

The seventy or more species of trees native here are

seldom, if ever, found growing in proximity with each other. In the large reservation of the Middlesex Fells there is a paucity of species, and therefore it is difficult for us to become acquainted with all of our trees.

The ever-recurring agitation in New York concerning the restrictions which keep the people off the grass in Central Park is always met by the reasonable reply, it seems to me, that if the vast throngs there were allowed to roam at will, there would soon be no grass.

It does seem, however, that in our city there might be a spot prepared in some such manner as suggested above, in which visitors might be allowed to frequent every part, of course without license to mutilate or remove any growing plant.

A fitting name for such a place would be, perhaps, the New England Woodlands.

Answer in "Notes and Queries in the Boston Evening Transcript."

5282. A list of shrubs that will flourish in the State of Maine at the forty-fifth parallel, is asked for. It may be said, of course, that the plants that abound in the woods of northern New England and Canada, would thrive in the above-mentioned latitude. In this class

are a number of shrubs which, though not so beautiful in inflorescence as many growing in Massachusetts gardens, of Japanese origin, are interesting and ornamental to a degree. In the list I should place our viburnums, especially *V. lentago*, *V. opulus* (high cranberry), *V. pauciflorum*, *V. dentatum* and *V. pubescens*. Of the cornels, *Cornus stolonifera*, *C. circinata* and *C. florida* are interesting. Then there are the snow-berry, aromatic sumach, striped maple, witch hazel, cockspur thorn, chokeberry and other native shrubs. Besides some bush honeysuckles, there are two climbers: *Lonicera hirsuta* and *Lonicera parviflora*.

It is well known that there are hundreds of handsome flowering plants from Siberia, Northern China and Japan (among them the *Exochorda* mentioned) that thrive at Boston, and some of them perhaps would do well further north. Here are a few noted for their beauty either of bloom or of leaf, or both: *Pyrus malus Parkmania*, *Pyrus spectabilis*, *Prunus tomentosa*, *Prunus japonica*, *Spiraea trilobata*, *S. Van Houteii* and other spiræas. Of vines there are *Akebia*, *Lycium chinensis*, *Celastrus articulata* (Central Asia) and *Schizandra chinensis*.

A SOMERVILLE TREE.*

The recent publication of a book called “Typical Elms and Other Trees of Massachusetts” recalls to mind the fact that there are in Somerville some elms of size and interest. Standing with a resolute air in the sidewalk, at the foot of the land known to two generations of school-boys as “Shute’s Field,” is a large tree of this kind; and it seems as if it might interest passers-by, if the authorities were to place a small sign up on the tree telling when and by whom it was planted. A few yards north of the tree may be seen a depression in the field. This hollow, the almost effaced remains of a cellar, marks the spot where stood the house in which Widow Anna Rand lived with her children in 1775. The slight connection of her name with the passing of the British troops on their way to Lexington, has in times past been placed before the readers of the Journal.

Mrs. Rand must have been a light sleeper that memorable night; for in the earliest hour of the morning there came to her ears a strange sound, which proved

* In 1894 the march of improvement caused the removal of this tree.

to be the subdued tread of the approaching column ; and, hastening down into the yard, she saw — a thrilling sight — the forms of the hostile British. She had been making soap that day, and she now crouched behind the barrel. Clad in the full habiliments of war, the enemy marched along ; their weapons and accoutrements glistening in the light of a clear moon. So near to the men was the solitary watcher, that she heard one soldier — presumably an officer — say to another, “ We must hurry, or we ’ll not get there before daylight.” The column passed on, and the widow ran into the house and aroused her eldest son, Thomas, a lad of fifteen years, who ran out to tell a neighbor what his mother had seen. Three years afterwards (1778) this boy planted the elm in front of his house. A sapling then, the elm now, though not the largest of its kind, is, as all who have ever seen it know, a large and shapely tree ; measuring at the present time about “ fourteen feet around the waist.” Some years ago, the owner of the field, following the example of Bonaparte, who turned the Simplon road to save a cypress, curved inward the boundary line of his land, so that the tree might not stand in the middle of the sidewalk.

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in an introduction to the work referred to in the opening lines of this article, says that

the American elm (the true *Ulmus Americana*, probably he means) is not a long-lived tree; and that the English elm (in England) is not more enduring; the successive lives of three old men, he says, would cover the span of the life of one of these trees. If this be so, this tree is in its prime; but let us hope that at least two generations of long-lived Somervillians may pass under its branches; spending some seconds as they approach it considering whether they had better deflect their steps inward in making the passage or turn slightly outward and walk on the narrow strip between the tree and the curbstone.

Some fifty years ago, Major Allen, an agent of the Middlesex Bleachery, passing daily under the tree, was so struck at that time with its beauty that he placed a placard on it stating its history.

A slightly slimmer sister of this tree stands in the inner edge of the sidewalk a short distance to the east and farther down the street on the other side are some shapely elms; all of which tend to give to this section of Somerville Avenue a cool and pleasing appearance in summer. It would seem, however, that he who would plant for remote posterity should set out an oak; for Mary Howitt's lines,—

“Four centuries grows the oak tree,
Nor doth its verdure fail,” —

refer only to the youth of the tree, if we can believe the stories told of ancient oaks.

In closing it may be stated that trees have been planted on Somerville Avenue and watched with care until they have attained size and beauty, only to have them swept away by the ruthless hand of the street widener. So in setting out trees we should consider the possibility of changes in boundary lines.

SOME MINOR POETS OF AMERICA.

It is meant in this paper to ask attention to some of the writers of verse in America, who, while standing on a lower plane than others are ranked as the foremost poets of the land, have yet produced writings, which have at least gained for their authors temporary fame, and which in some instances bid fair to endure with works of more famous writers. They are called in the title minor poets, and it is believed that the classification is a just one. The writers who are called standard poets have produced much of a fine quality; these, whom I class as minor poets, have produced something worthy of recognition. True, of the two attributes, quantity and quality, it would seem that the latter was of first importance, yet it alone will not make the writings of an author classic. Byron, for instance, is said to have considered Chas. Wolfe's "The Burial of Sir John Moore" one of the finest poems in the language; it is perhaps better known than three fourths of Byron's works, but of the two, Byron, because he wrote so much that is grand, takes rank with the great poets of Eng-

land, while Wolfe's single literary gem is still treasured because of its worth; its lines undoubtedly meet the requirements of the critic; but in the works of the great leaders, line after line and page upon page testify to the genius of the authors, and it is this accumulative evidence, this exhibition of sustained and continued power that has placed them in the higher rank.

We wish then to review some American poems which have furnished pleasure to those who have a taste for poetical compositions. To make a passing mention only of American productions of this kind is a much easier task than if England with its centuries of literature were included: for while I may not be able to cover even the whole of the American field I believe that most of the poems of acknowledged worth produced in this country have been written in the last one hundred years, perhaps in the last fifty. True, I have here a book, a reprint of the New England Primer, editions of which were published as early as 1691, and I find here some — well, we will be easy with the writer and call them *verses*.

But these are not included in my list; someone else may champion their poetical worth, but I shall go by on the other side. The poet Whittier, himself, says that

the poetry of America extends back only a single generation, that it actually began with Bryant's *Thanatopsis*: this is a pretty strict ruling, and if the ground is viewed with a less severely critical eye some pieces will be found whose friends would not like to have them cast so ruthlessly aside. Still, starting one hundred and twenty-five years ago, we travel a long distance before we reach anything which at the present time impresses us with the merit of true poetry. In the earlier years of this century there was published a large amount of a species of rhyming matter which Whittier calls the weak imitations of an artificial school, and passing from one of these productions to *Thanatopsis* is indeed like stepping from mud on to dry turf. It does seem strange that there was no American poetry worthy of the name one hundred years ago. For two or three centuries England had been producing poets,—why was not the line carried across the Atlantic? It continued unbroken in the old world, yet scarcely a trace was transported to the new. It was from no lack of intellect that this dearth of poetry prevailed; some of the brainiest men of the times were then living on these shores, two of the greatest productions of the mind which have appeared in modern times, the Declaration of Independence and the National Constitution, came at a time when the native

poetic literature consisted of Mother Goose, a few verses in Poor Richard's Almanac and scattering pieces in the newspapers, often of a scurrilous nature, and seldom rising above the plane of doggerel. The conclusion must be reached, a natural one after all, that in founding a new nation ornate literature will not receive immediate attention: culture surely comes, however, with prosperity and peace.

The first poet whose writings have found a place in any of the repositories of American literature is Philip Freneau, a poet of the Revolution; his patriotic poems are said to have fired the American heart at that time and other pieces to have been of interest to the readers of that day; but in looking over one of his volumes I fail to find any that now seem particularly entertaining; this one in Piatt's selection from American poetry possesses smoothness and feeling.* Passing down the years, the next poet to whose side we pause is one whose acquaintance with the public of to-day comes almost through the agency of a single poem. Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" was the son of a soldier of the revolution: he was born at Scituate in this State in 1785 and died in 1842. He came to Boston a young boy and entered a printer's

* The piece referred to was here read.

office, he then went to Baltimore and finally passed most of his life in New York City, where he published a literary journal in connection with Geo. P. Morris. In a sketch of the poet's life, Morris tells us the incentive to the writing of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Woodworth, he says, walked down from the office to dinner one sultry day, and entering the house, heated and thirsty, took a drink of water from the pump, a thing he could hardly do to-day in New York City ; the draught was not particularly refreshing and his mind went back to his boyhood's days and the cool water on his father's farm, and he "sighed for the bucket which hung in the well." He mentioned the thought to his wife and she advised him to write a poem on the subject ; and he did so with the well-known result. And it is now a question for the curiously inclined to ask, if a drink of pump-water in summer brought forth such a poem, what would not a drink of pipe-water at such a time have inspired.

We now hear of Woodworth only as the author of this poem, yet he was a prolific writer : his pieces have been published in book-form ; the last edition, edited by his son and issued in 1861, consists of two small volumes, containing about three hundred short poems. Of this number, those grouped together as

pastoral pieces seem the most meritorious, with the exception of the famous one, they do not seem original, but rather imitations of English pastorals; at any rate the scenes, characters and incidents are not such as we now see in Massachusetts towns: milk-maids and roundelay are supposed to be the exclusive property of the British poets. Perhaps because Woodworth used these words or because of a confusion of names, it is said that some of these pieces were taken as Wordsworth's— they were printed in England and copied back into this country as the work of the latter poet. It is needless to say that they do not approach the excellence of the English writer.

In looking over the two volumes, I do not find many pieces of interest, but I have selected one poem as another specimen of Woodworth which I should like to read. Strangely enough it is related to the bucket, being called "The Waterman."* The scene which it describes would hardly be found in the United States to-day, though before the entrance of steam navigation it may have been a common one. It is probable that when the poet lived in New York, the passage over the East River to Brooklyn and to the Jersey shore was made in boats propelled by oars, and we may look to

* The selection was here read.

them as the source of these lines. In addition to his poetical works, Woodworth wrote a number of pieces for the theatre; none of these plays, I believe, are known to the stage of to-day. Aside from the fact that his verses may be found in some large libraries by those who have a special reason for searching for them, Woodworth comes before the present world only because of his authorship of "The Bucket" as the piece is called in his son's edition; a poem so simple, pure and natural and so filled with a pleasing fancy that it "is its own excuse for being"; this fact shows us how much a man may write and yet produce matter only of a fugitive nature: indeed many writers of the past more prolific than Woodworth have not in one noted poem a single plank to rescue them from the sea of oblivion.

Another poet whom we may well pause to consider, also a child of a soldier of the revolution, is Hannah F. Gould. The father of this writer, Benjamin Gould, was a noted warrior in the war for independence; he started from Topsfield with thirty minute-men, when news was received that the British troops were marching from Boston to Concord and he received a wound in the fray at Lexington. He was at Bunker Hill and was the last man to leave Charlestown Neck on the close of that eventful day, so I suppose that he spent the night

in Somerville. Continuing in the service he served throughout the war as a captain and at its close settled at Newburyport, and in the homestead at this place his daughter spent most of her life. The family has been a noted one: her brother, Benjamin Apthorp Gould after graduating at Harvard in 1814, assumed the position of Principal in the Boston Latin School and did much to found the reputation which the school enjoys. He left there in 1810, and became famous as an educator elsewhere. His son Benjamin Apthorp 2nd, is well known in the scientific world as an astronomer and statistician. Miss Gould began writing at an early age and made frequent contributions to literature throughout her long life which ended in 1865. Her poems are varied in character and exhibit a high order of talent.

“Let me make the songs of a nation,” some one has said, “and I care not who makes its laws.” Poetry wedded to music has ever held a potent sway over the human heart. Songs of patriotism and songs of sentiment have quickened the pulse beat through all ages in all climes. The question often arises, to which of the component parts does a song owe its enduring popularity: should the poet or the musician claim the greater share? In some the beauty of sentiment expressed in the words seems to be the immortal part,

while in others the sweet expressive melody effectively claims pre-eminence. America, young in literature as she is, has yet some famous song-writers and a few songs which have been heard throughout the world. Assured has been the success of these songs as the like productions of any nations; and in one or two instances their popularity has not been equaled. Of the patriotic songs "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner" have long stood as ardent expressions of national sentiment. The lines of the former piece were composed in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, a lawyer of Philadelphia and a son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; the piece was written for the benefit of an actor named Fox and the music for it was arranged from a piece called the "Presidents' March," composed by a German named Feyler.

The words of the second of these two songs were written as is well known, by Francis Scott Key, a young Baltimore lawyer, during the presence of the British fleet near that city in the war of 1812.

To write a song which will animate the hearts of his countrymen for half a century is a great achievement for an author; but to write a song which will touch the human heart throughout the world is a conquest of greater glory. Such is the meed we must give to

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Payne is one of the most romantic and interesting characters produced by this land. A man endowed with genius and industry and gifted in many ways. A man who in his day accomplished much, but who lives in fame only as the writer of the immortal song, and of a play, the fine tragedy of *Brutus*. His brilliancy flashed forth at an early age and while in extreme youth his life work began. Strangely enough from the time of the death of his mother in the "lowly thatched cottage" at East Hampton, Long Island, occurring when the boy was thirteen, to the last moment breathed away on the African coast he was a restless spirit, a man without a home. Payne wrote a number of poems of some merit before he was fourteen and at that age he composed a five act tragedy called "The Wanderer" which was produced at a theatre in New York. At eighteen he began the career of an actor which he followed for a long time, with varied, but, in the main, with brilliant success. His first performances in New York created an excitement and earned for him the title of "The American Roscius." In 1813 at the age of twenty-two, with the assistance of friends he determined to brave the uncertainties of an entrance upon the British stage; he intended to be absent a year; on

the 17th of January his brother, Thatcher Payne, and friend Joseph Fay went with him to the wharf and saw him embark on a ship for Liverpool; the friend was not to meet him again as nineteen years had passed when Payne again pressed foot upon his native land. In a few months the young actor was forcing his way along the difficult path which led to fame. He appeared in the same character, that of young Norval in the Tragedy of Douglas in which he made his first appearance on the New York stage — he was then eighteen, he was now twenty-two, and his success was great though he encountered much opposition from some of the native actors and their friends, and this pressure finally led him to abandon acting, having in the meanwhile resumed the writing of plays. In 1818 he wrote his great “Tragedy of Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,” for Drury Lane theatre which then had Edmund Kean for its chief actor. The play was received with great favor, and to this day the greatest tragic actors have thought it worthy of their best efforts. The character of Brutus demands the highest exposition of the player’s art. Bent on delivering his country from the Tarquinian yoke he assumes the semblance of a fool to avert the tyrant’s suspicions. The lofty language given to the patriot in his natural

moments is well sustained and the piece is a reading as well as an acting play. Payne continued his dramatic work, confining his efforts chiefly to the translation of successful French plays as they were produced in Paris and adapting them for the London stage. In 1823 Charles Kemble became the manager of the Covent Garden theatre, London, and he soon sent word to Payne in Paris asking for plays. Payne sent three plays, offering them for two hundred and fifty pounds. One of them was a drama called "Claré the Maid of Milan"; Payne suggested that this piece would make a good opera and agreed to write some songs for it. The manager accepted the proposals and Payne wrote some songs for Claré and among them was the now famous "Home, Sweet Home." Some time before while in Italy he had heard a peasant girl singing an air which pleased his fancy, she could not tell him the name of the piece, but repeated the song at his request and Payne having a little knowledge of music jotted down the notes as well as he could. This plaintive air which so pleased him suggested to him the words of "Home, Sweet Home," and he sent the words and the music he had noted down to Bishop, then the musical director at Covent Garden. Bishop recognized the tune as a well-known Sicilian air and adapted

the music to the words. The opera of *Claré* was first produced on the 8th of May, 1823, and "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Miss Tree as *Claré* was then first heard. It at once touched the popular heart, and in one year one hundred thousand copies were sold, and it is stated that no song has had such a circulation before or since. The publishers made a fortune from it, the theatre coined money from *Claré*, but the author received but fifty pounds for the copyright of the opera in addition to the sum mentioned for the three plays. With talents and industry, he knew not the art of making money. After twenty years' sojourn in Europe, Payne returned to the United States and after some years of literary work he was appointed United States Consul at Tunis: he was recalled at the end of the President's term and reappointed four years later, and died at Tunis on the 9th of April, 1852, at the age of sixty-one. A few years ago his remains were brought to this country and interred at Georgetown Heights near the nation's Capital. Payne's dramatic works include eight tragedies, six comedies, twenty-one dramas, five operas and nine farces, forty-nine in all; of this list, *Brutus* alone, I believe, is now seen on the stage.

Another American song-writer and more truly a song-writer is Stephen C. Foster. This writer was born in

Pittsburg in 1826 and died in New York in 1864. When an office boy of 16 he wrote his first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love." This was well received and Foster decided to give his whole attention to music. Negro minstrelsy holding quite a place in the amusement world, he turned his attention to writing pieces representing life on the plantation and with marked success. His most famous song, "The Old Folks at Home," established his reputation, and besides this he produced among others, "Old Uncle Ned," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Oh Susanna," and "Nelly Bly." In later years he dropped this class of work and wrote sentimental songs. The number including "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," "Willie, we have Missed You," and "Old Dog Tray." Foster composed the words and the music of most of his songs, of which he published over a hundred. In his "Old Folks at Home" his musical skill touched its highest level and few songs have equaled this one in popularity, it has been published in different languages and the greatest singers of the old and new worlds have not disdained to appeal to their audience through the medium of its plaintive notes.

Leaving the song-writers, we will stop a moment to mention a Boston poet of some note. Charles Sprague

was a Boston banker and a man of large general culture. It is said that he never left Boston but once in his life when he made a trip to Salem, Mass. In 1829 he read a dissertation on "Curiosity" before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard, and that we may get some idea of this writer's style, I will give a selection from that poem.*

If the genius of Poetry was late in establishing itself in America it has not failed to make itself felt in recent years. This paper has not mentioned even a tithe of the writers who might come under the class which it attempts to review. The American magazines, the brightest of this class of periodicals perhaps printed in the world, besides giving to their readers some of the best poems of the greater poets are continually printing pieces from pens less famous, and all collections of American poetry contain many specimens of this kind. The minor poets are well cared for in such volumes and in selections for declamation they stand often in the front rank.

* A selection from the poem mentioned was here read.

FORMATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Delivered before the Boston Young Men's Congress.

“A thousand years scarce serve to form a state, an hour may lay it in the dust.” So wrote the poet Byron, and yet it would seem that our nation was builded in a lesser time. The first century of government under our national constitution is just completed, and it may not be uninteresting at such a time to review some of the steps that led to the creation of that instrument : to go back to the old days, to look in upon the past, and to witness there the actions of men and the course of events by which America was placed on a footing which has enabled her to fulfil her great mission in the cause of freedom and of self-government. The position, yes the existence perhaps of our nation to-day is due to this constitution, this charter of which the great Gladstone has said, “As the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful

work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Without such an agent of strength the long war of the revolution was carried through to a close.

Let us first see then what form of government, if any, it was that directed the destinies of the colonies in that great struggle. History tells us that a number of delegates from different colonies assembled in Philadelphia in the month of September, 1774. They came together to consider a serious subject: their oppression by the mother country. Although a union of the colonies had previously been advised by Franklin and others, the assembling of this convention seems to have been due to the "Sons of Liberty" of New York. This organization was a committee of prominent citizens who had banded together to defend their rights in some differences which had arisen with Great Britain. As they were about to disband a suggestion was made and adopted to call this convention. Massachusetts pushed the matter forward, and vigorous work was done by influential men in the south; among others was Dabney Carr of Virginia, a young statesman whom death was to prevent seeing a nation arise at the call of his compatriots.

At the meeting in Philadelphia there were present delegates from twelve of the colonies: Georgia alone

being unrepresented. They called the body at first simply the Congress; they met as direct representatives of the people, and throughout the first session assumed little or no authority for themselves. In organizing, an important problem to solve was the manner in which a ballot should be taken; and it was finally decided that on all questions each colony should have one vote. This method instituted here continued in effect through each succeeding government up to the adoption of the constitution; and the influence thus established is seen in the creation of the national senate as provided for in that instrument. But little was done by the first congress otherwise than to prepare some addresses stating the grievances of the colonists, to be sent to the King, the people of Great Britain and to the Americans themselves, and advising the holding of another congress the following year. These things being done the convention adjourned and the members traveled to their distant homes. In this meeting then, so simple in its inception, was held the germ of the union of the States — the great republic of to-day.

In the following May the second congress convened at Philadelphia as advised. The breach between the colonies and England had not been closed but widened, and the congress which contained in its membership

the most eminent men in America assumed the direction of the colonists in their efforts at resistance; it now became known as the Continental Congress and under its guidance the long war for independence was waged almost to the end. No formal draft of a union was made at this time, yet we find that the commission which this body gave to Washington styled him "General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United Colonies." The growing belief, however, that some compact, some stated bond of union would strengthen the hands of the Americans caused steps to be taken for the formation of such a bond: accordingly we find Congress, soon after the Declaration of Independence considering the report of a committee offering a draft of "Articles of confederation." These articles, based on a plan of Franklin's, were adopted in November, 1777, and were to go into effect when ratified by all the colonies. Most of the legislatures speedily accepted them; but Maryland withheld her consent, basing her action on the ground that certain lands claimed by different colonies should be given up for the good of all. This position seemed a reasonable one, and upon Virginia and Connecticut relinquishing their claims to certain territory in the west the Maryland legislature passed the act of ratification in November, 1781, and the Articles of

Confederation became the organic law of the land. Most of the revolutionary strife, then, was passed through by the Americans with no other form of government than a gathering of representative men ; and about all that can be said of the powers with which they were clothed, is that they were allowed to do what they could to gain the freedom of the people, provided they did not exact much from the colonial legislatures ; and if we study the Articles of Confederation we find that a government of scarcely greater strength was created. The Continental Congress, however, assumed some power, and its right to do certain things was not denied. It controlled the army as it came into the field ; it established a postal system ; it borrowed money abroad and issued bills of credit for domestic circulation at home. The small value of the privilege of performing this last function without more power over the people among whom the money was to circulate is seen in the rapid depreciation of the bills, one dollar soon being worth but six and one half cents in coin. Fortunate it was that the leaders held the confidence of the people through the long and dark days of the revolution. With the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in October, 1781, the combat between Great Britain and the American Colonies virtually closed. The events of interest occurring afterward

being the evacuation of Savannah by the British in July of the following year ; the conflict between a party of British and Continentals at Combahee's Ferry, in which young Laurens was killed at the hour when his father was negotiating for peace in Paris, and believed to be the last action of the war on American soil ; the embarkation of the French troops from Boston on Christmas Eve, and finally the evacuation of New York and the entry thereinto of Washington and Gov. Clinton, Nov. 25, 1783.

On the other side of the Atlantic the steps in the march towards peace were as follows : In March, 1782, the House of Commons voted to discontinue the war, thus compelling the ministry of Lord North to resign ; and in the following year Richard Oswald was sent by Shelburne to discuss the terms of peace with the American commissioners at Paris, while Thomas Grenville was selected by Fox to treat with the French Premier, Vergennes. When, after an exhaustive struggle of seven years the aggressive party declares for peace, it may be assumed that its opponents will be granted favorable terms ; and so it was ; the American commissioners succeeded in obtaining from the English emissaries more than statesmen at home dared ask. How much longer the struggle could have been maintained

we cannot tell ; as it was the Americans stood at Yorktown in 1781 exactly as they stood at Trenton in 1776, striving to maintain a position they had assumed, that of independence ; and that that position was to be freely granted where it had been so stoutly denied is shown by the lines of the provisional treaty signed at Paris by all the commissioners.

This treaty, which may be considered as one of the most famous of state papers, was spread through nine articles ; and there was a tenth, a secret article. The American envoys were authorized to sign a conclusive agreement. Oswald, however, had been instructed to agree to such an arrangement as he might think proper, and then submit it to his government for inspection ; accordingly a draft of the document was sent to England. After some opposition it was approved, and the treaty was made definite at Paris. Copies were then sent to each government for formal approval, and on being ratified, articles of ratification were sent to the respective commissioners, who in turn exchanged with each other their country's verdict, the last act in the long line of their diplomatic labors ; so that it was not until November, 1784, three years after the surrender at Yorktown, that the 'white banners of peace were firmly secured.

The anxious Americans first heard of the signing of the provisional treaty on the same day that Congress received a copy of the King's speech delivered before Parliament in December; in this speech he announced the progress that had been made towards peace. In February they received from Franklin a journal of proceedings and a copy of the provisional treaty. Great was the relief on the receipt of this intelligence; yet some indignation was expressed that the commissioners should have concluded an arrangement without consulting their allies, the French, and a careful scrutiny of the situation will impress the student with the idea that Franklin did presume on his popularity with the French people to a dangerous extent. The secret article also startled the American legislators; its history is an interesting one, and a brief statement regarding it may be made. It will be remembered that when France announced her determination to assist the colonies, Spain, having a Bourbon prince on the throne, also declared war against England. Though her love for liberty and its representatives in the new world was probably small, yet Arthur Lee succeeded in obtaining one loan from the Spanish King. In arranging a peace, therefore, England was obliged to treat with three powers. Now by the second article of the provisional

treaty the Southern boundary of the United States was to be a line drawn from the Mississippi river along the thirty-first parallel of north latitude to the Chattahoochee river, thence along the northern boundaries of Florida, then owned by Spain. This was the arrangement, but Oswald evidently had something else in view; for on coming to the end of the treaty, he succeeded in getting the American commissioners to agree to the adding of an extra article which was to be kept out of sight for a while, but was to go into effect if certain conditions were fulfilled: that is, if in treating with Spain, England succeeded in gaining possession of Florida, then the southern boundary of the new nation was to be along a line thirty miles north of the thirty-second parallel instead of at the thirty-first as provided for in the second article. Had this arrangement prevailed, a strip of neutral or hostile territory would have faced the southern as well as the northern boundary of the United States. Fortunately, when the British diplomats came to treat with the Spanish minister, Count Aranda, that statesman, though he yielded up Gibraltar, insisted on holding both his Floridas, and so the tenth article fell to the ground, and the territory being subsequently ceded to this government, the American orator, in sweeping over his country's dimen-

sions, has been able to say, "From Canada to the Gulf," which is more epigrammatic than "from Canada to within ninety miles of the Gulf."

On the thirteenth of April, Congress received news from its minister that the twentieth of January had been fixed upon by all the powers as a date for the cessation of hostilities. Accordingly a proclamation was issued to that effect; and it was on the nineteenth of the month, just eight years from the date of the battle of Lexington, that Washington paraded his little army at Newburgh on the Hudson, drew up his men in line, and read to them the instructions of Congress which were the tidings of peace. In the following June the preparatory steps for disbandment were taken. On the second of November the troops were reviewed for the last time, and on the following day all men were discharged from the service. And so the drawn sword was sheathed. The Americans had achieved their independence—what were they to do with it. Before entering into the full enjoyment of their liberty, the reward of a long and valorous strife, the people of the new world were destined to drift hopelessly on through a period of uncertainty approaching anarchy. With the first shouts of triumph ringing in their ears, the statesmen of the confederation were confronted with the

serious problem of meeting debts incurred by the war. Pausing at the threshold of this clouded epoch, let us see where the league of thirteen states stood at the time.

Gordon, a contemporaneous historian, estimated the loss of men on the American side at 70,000, and Jefferson placed the cost of the war at \$140,000,000; of this amount the country now owed \$42,000,000. Compared with our late civil war these figures seem insignificant, but to the thirteen infant states they loomed up to an appalling magnitude. The prospect, never very bright from the time of the Declaration of Independence and lightened only momentarily by the dawn of peace, now grew darker and darker from day to day. With the advent of the government of the confederation came no feelings of joy and security, and why? The compact was no sooner in force than it was deemed a worthless plan. It placed in the hands of Congress a barren sceptre. The union was a hollow one based on a false principle. From its provisions the states sought to receive much and yield up but little or nothing. And in looking over its lines now, the deficiencies are readily seen. Article I said: "The style of the confederation shall be—The United States of America." This article was destined to outlive its companions. It announced the existence of a nation, and the ambassadors at Paris had a name all ready for the country whose

independence they were able at last to secure. Article II began with the words: "Each state retains its freedom, sovereignty, and independence." Here, then was a fatal source of weakness. Complete state sovereignty yields not national strength; a league is not a union, it is a term for a weaker tie. But the statesmen of 1778 dared ask for no more. They felt that no more would be granted by the several legislatures. Indeed it is not improbable that the members by whom the compact was framed, were unwilling that the states they represented should yield up any of the individual prestige to which they had become accustomed through years of isolation and self-government. The sixth article gave a semblance of authority to the government over the individual states, as it said that no state should enter into an alliance with any foreign power without the consent of the United States.

Article VIII was one of the most important of all, as it provided for a national treasury out of which all charges of war and other governmental expenses were to be paid. The manner of maintaining this treasury was as follows: Congress, after estimating the amount needed, was to call upon each state to furnish its share, the sum being in proportion to the value of the occupied lands, and buildings thereon, in that state. Each legis-

lature was to levy and collect this tax and forward it to the general government. This plan, nicely arranged as it was, proved wholly inadequate as will be seen. Without reviewing further, the thirteenth and last Article may be noticed. The text said that every state was to abide by the decisions of Congress on all questions submitted by the Confederation to that body. The Articles of Confederation were to be strictly observed by every state, and the union was to be forever. As far as language is concerned, this seemed to be the embodiment of strength and stability. But with the extreme latitude of the preceding articles, especially that of the second, it proved but as a rope of sand to hold the states to their obligation.

In short, the plan devised by the legislation of the Continental Congress as a lasting government for the new world, though carefully wrought, was destined to be a signal failure, causing a disastrous delay of years, and finally bringing humiliation to the eminent men who had served their country well under the most trying circumstances. The year 1783 passed away and Congress was still without means for raising a revenue. The country still owed eight millions abroad, with a domestic debt of thirty-two millions.

The army was driven to the verge of mutiny by the

failure of Congress to keep its engagements. The personal influence of Washington and his promises, alone, probably averted such a calamity. In their distress some of the officers applied for relief to Robert Morris, then superintendent of finance. His reply was startling; he told them that he not only had no money on hand, but that he had already over-drawn his account abroad; yet forced to do something, he intimated the possibility of further drafts, depending on the friendship of France. Congress, in its desperation clutched at this straw, and in secret session actually authorized Morris to draw on the credit of *an application for a loan*.

Previous to this incident, however, Congress had endeavored by more honorable means to raise a revenue. Acting on a suggestion of the Hartford Convention it had decided to place a duty of five per cent. on imports. And at this time was seen the weakness of the Articles of Confederation. To make a law of this kind it was necessary to gain the consent of every state. Most of them readily agreed to the proposition, but Rhode Island withheld her consent, instructing her delegates in Congress to insist on state sovereignty. New York also refused. Here then were these two commonwealths blocking legislation of the most important character.

An event at this time showed the civil government

tottering in its supremacy; letters were written, probably from the most worthy motives, by Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris, assistant superintendent of finance, to Generals Washington, Knox, and Greene, suggesting that if the army in conjunction with other of the government's creditors were to quietly yet persistently force its claims, the states might be coerced into giving Congress power to raise a revenue. The reply of the patriotic Knox, dictated probably by Washington was to the effect that a stronger Constitution was the proper remedy. Washington, however, asked that some degree of justice be shown to the needy veterans. He insisted that they should receive one month's pay at once, with the promise of two month's more pay to speedily follow. This was a modest request; the soldiers should at least have something with which to return home. But Morris informed Congress that the sum equivalent to three months' pay was more than the States had contributed for two years; he could only issue paper notes in anticipation of a revenue. And so the men of Valley Forge, of Monmouth, of Saratoga and Yorktown, shouldered their muskets and made their way home as best they could bearing with them as an equivalent for service ranging from three to six years, promissory notes for three months' pay, the cash value of which

was two and a half shillings in twenty. An exasperating fact in connection with this grievance of the army, was, that in the state governments the legislature always paid themselves and the whole civil list before adjourning. It was not that the resources of the country were so inadequate, but that there was no adequate power to draw to the national treasury the necessary funds.

The mercantile classes were becoming restless under the depressed state of affairs. The prosperous trade which the colonies enjoyed before the war did not return with the advent of peace. The arrogant eye of England watched the Americans at every point ; she forbade their goods to enter the West Indies and allowed them in her own ports only when brought in British vessels ; while on the other hand her agents flooded the American towns with English goods for which the people still had a longing, thus draining the country of specie which it could ill afford to spare ; for the government coined no money, and the value of the dollar and the shilling varied in every state. In addition to this harsh treatment by Great Britain, some of the states were passing laws which bore unjustly on their neighbors. New York for instance had established a custom house and imposed a duty on the produce sent into the

city by the farmers of New Jersey and Connecticut. As the evils of this state of affairs became apparent, it was not so much sentient as commercial considerations that led the people to the belief that Congress must be vested with greater powers.

Since the year 1781 Congress with all due formality, and with the authority given it by the Articles of Confederation, had called on the states for ten millions of dollars. Of this amount only about one fifth had been paid. In 1787 the first instalment of the principal of a debt of which the interest could not be paid would be due. France had extended the time for the payments due her and had striven to give all reasonable accommodation to the struggling nation; but the French minister Luzerne wrote home to his government advising them to do nothing more for a people who did not seem to exert themselves to meet their engagements; for the country as a whole did not wear, and never has worn the aspect of poverty. The soldiers of the revolution might continue their patriotic conduct and patiently wait for their dues; but national honor and policy as well seemed to compel America to heed the claims of her European ally. Washington, Jefferson and other leading statesmen keenly felt the humiliation of their position; but as yet no hope

could be entertained for united efforts on the part of the states. The prospect darkened on every side and it indeed looked as if all that had come to the Americans through their valorous strife would slip from their grasp. The American ambassadors in London in vain sought to obtain commercial recognition of their country. The British statesmen perceived the weakness of the bond of union between the states and believed that the confederation would be dissolved and that the states would drift apart and fall into discord and internecine strife. Jay, however, strong in the belief that his country would extricate itself from its difficulties, wrote home: "The present ministry here is duped into an opinion of our not having energy and union sufficient to retaliate against their instructions; no time is to be lost in raising and maintaining a national spirit in America." A stronger government was indeed imperative; we know that it came, let us trace the steps that led to its creation.

In 1784 Jefferson, while in Congress, wrote to Madison, then in Virginia, suggesting that commissioners be appointed by the states of Maryland and Virginia, to regulate the navigation of the Potomac river, then an important water-way to the west, and believed to be destined to greater prominence when that section

should be more thickly settled. He also wrote to Washington who was already interested in the plan, and then broached the subject to the Maryland delegates in Congress. The result was that in June of that year the Virginia Assembly appointed delegates to meet those to be appointed by Maryland and consider the matter. The Maryland legislature complied and the commission met at Mt. Vernon in March of the following year. The primary question disposed of, it was agreed that it would be well for the two states to act together on all commercial questions.

In December of the same year the legislature of Maryland complied with the plan reported by the commission and in a letter to the Virginia Assembly announcing the fact suggested that it would be well for delegates from all the states to meet and arrange a general system of commerce. The alert mind of Madison, then in the state government, saw more perhaps in such a meeting than did his colleagues; he immediately enlisted the co-operation of Tyler and together they drafted a resolution providing for such a meeting. Tyler presented the resolution and it was passed on the last day of the session, Jan. 21, 1786. The meeting was called for the first Monday in September at Annapolis; the governor of Virginia issuing the invi-

tations to the other states. At the appointed time Madison and his associates were on hand; but other states than Virginia were slow to respond. Massachusetts and Rhode Island appointed delegates who started for the South, but who were met on the way with news of the adjournment of the Convention. The only states represented then were Virginia, New York, which sent Benson and Hamilton, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

This weakness in numbers was discouraging; and the convention which had aroused interest and hope throughout the country could do little towards regulating commerce. Before dissolving, however, it was destined to perform one act which was to invest its existence with an enduring interest, by making it an important part of the chain of events which led to the great realization. This act was the adoption of a resolution offered by Hamilton as follows: "that the states agree to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday of the next May to consider the situation of the United States, and devise such further provisions as should appear necessary to render the Constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the union; and to report to Congress such an act as when agreed to by them and confirmed by the legislatures of every state

would effectually provide for the same." Here then was a forward movement; the outcome of that tenacity of purpose, born of courage and conviction, which was not to be dampened by lethargy of support, nor quelled by force of opposition. The members unanimously pledged themselves to the proposition, dissolved the convention and journeyed to their distant homes. This step was destined to meet immediately with opposition. When the proposition reached Congress the Massachusetts delegation prevented its consideration by that body. The governor of New York censured the delegates from that state to the Annapolis convention for going beyond their instructions; and subsequently, Rufus King, before the legislature of Massachusetts, declared that Congress alone could amend its own powers. But it was a time for strong men to act and Madison and Hamilton kept to the task. The former, in the Virginia Assembly, in a preamble to a resolution, declared that the work of reconstruction could be better carried on in a special convention than in the halls of Congress where other questions must necessarily interfere. The preamble and the proposal for a federal convention were adopted without a dissenting vote. The delegates were appointed, and the governor sent notice of the action of his state to Congress and the other states. New Jersey

was the first state to follow Virginia, appointing delegates in November, Pennsylvania acted in December, North Carolina in January, Delaware in February. About this time Madison was returned to Congress. He had been a member of the legislature of his native state at a time to inaugurate the movement and now his presence in the national government presaged good for the cause. Rufus King weakened, and in a letter to Gerry he said, "Although my sentiments are the same as to the legality of the measure, I think we ought not to oppose, but to coincide with the project." In the meantime the state of New York at variance with the opinions of its most illustrious son, instructed its delegates in Congress to propose a convention to be called by Congress itself; the proposition mentioned no time or place, and met with little favor. King, now a convert to the cause, attempted in an ingenious manner to reconcile his present position with his past attitude on the question, by offering a resolution, which, while it made no mention of the Annapolis conference or its work, called a convention to be held at the same time and at the same place as provided for by the vote of that meeting. This seems a curious proceeding; but perhaps it was a necessary one. The motion was solemnly put and carried, and thus were the statesmen in Con-

gress able to gracefully recede from a losing position and to follow and lead in the same procession. The New York legislature again debated the subject, and after trying to cramp the powers of the coming convention yielded to pressure and elected Yates, Hamilton and Lansing as its delegates; other states followed; New Hampshire, not until after the opening of the convention, while little Rhode Island refused to meet her sisters at Philadelphia.

On the coming convention then, so seemingly casual in its inception, evolving probably from the meeting at Mt. Vernon, nourished by agitation and sustained by the inflexible energy of eminent men, the hopes of the people now rested. As the time for its opening approached the interest became intense and general. Many were the conjectures as to its results. The historian records that in the minds of many a king seemed probable, and that the British statesmen, keenly watching each turn of affairs thought it likely that a son of George IV would be selected; or, that the Americans, grateful to France would call a Bourbon Prince to the throne. No such schemes were present in the mind of Madison who returned to his home with the one firm, clear conception of a federal republic, and bringing to bear upon the subject his entire energy and resources,

he set for himself the task of drafting the outline of a constitution. Washington also exerted himself in the same direction; consultations together and with their colleagues led to the adoption of a plan, and a scrutiny of the situation shows that the labors of these men prior to the opening of the convention secured for Virginia the honor of presenting to the world the basis of our Constitution.

The month of May, 1787, was at hand and all eyes were turned towards Philadelphia. Madison was the first delegate to arrive; most of the Virginia delegates came on horseback, Washington receiving constant ovations along the route. Owing to the non-arrival of delegates it was not until the twenty-fifth of the month that a quorum of states was present; on that day the convention organized with Washington as president. The assemblage was a remarkable one for there were gathered together the greatest of America's sons,—distinguished generals of the revolution, eminent jurists, scholars and statesmen came together for the great work. Benjamin Franklin, recently returned from his long diplomatic service in France, and now in his eighty-second year, was the oldest member present; Nicholas Gilman of New Hampshire, twenty-one years of age, the youngest. In July, Yates and Lansing of the New

York delegation, reflecting the inharmonious feeling then prevailing in the state that sent them, withdrew from the convention; Hamilton remained, but he alone could not cast the vote of New York, so the southern states were in the majority throughout the session.

The task which the members had set for themselves was indeed a Herculean one: its fulfillment was to be the binding together firmly and indissolubly thirteen commonwealths, differing in history, in industries, climate and people; states that had indeed in the hour of a common peril come together; but who, now that the danger had past, were drifting apart; wrapping themselves up in exclusive groups or standing alone, and viewing with jealous or indifferent eyes their neighbor's successes or misfortunes. States whose eminent men bended their efforts to serve their own commonwealths until indeed they had perfected for them constitutions which challenged the admiration of the world, but in which fostering pride and the theory of state sovereignty retarded the building of that grander structure with which America's greatest sons longed to possess their country.

Washington had expressed the hope that the defects in the confederation should be thoroughly probed and that radical measures necessary to make a stronger

government should be agreed upon in the convention even though they should not be accepted by the country. In order that the members might debate with freedom, it was voted to proceed with closed doors, and members were required to refrain from sending word outside of the convention of its proceedings; it being thought unadvisable that subjects under discussion should be placed before the country at the same time.

As has been mentioned, the Virginians had made some preliminary outlines of a constitution; and they now thought it proper to present their work to the convention. Accordingly, on the twenty-ninth of the month Randolph introduced it in the form of a series of resolutions. Of these resolutions the following subjects may be noted as furnishing the substance of finished articles in the Constitution.

1. Population to be the basis of representation in Congress.
2. Congress to consist of two branches.
3. Providing for an executive and council.
4. Providing for new states.
5. The new government to assume the debts of the confederation.
6. The binding by oath of state officers to support the National Constitution.

7. Providing for amendments to the finished Constitution.

The system of the judiciary and some other features were taken from the New Jersey plan of which a draft was offered by William Paterson of that state.

To agree upon the principles embodied in these resolutions, to put them into perfected form, and to add such new matter as should be thought necessary, was the work of the convention through the long summer. The task seemed almost impossible, the debates grew fierce and protracted; the commercial interests of the North and the agricultural interests of the South clashed again and again. At times the life of the convention hung by a single thread, yet the members worked on with patience and zeal, and perhaps, with the energy of despair, for they felt that if failure came to them there, anarchy awaited them outside.

The subject of slavery early presented itself as a troublesome question. The South itself was divided on this subject, many of the Virginia statesmen having strong feelings against the institution, and we may be sure that the opponents of the system obtained all that it was possible at that time to obtain, when it was finally agreed that the Constitution should prohibit the importation of slaves after the year 1808.

One after one the vexed questions were settled either permanently or for the time being, until on the twenty-fourth of July twenty-three resolutions embracing the important subjects which had been advanced were referred to a committee of detail of five members with instructions to draft therefrom a Constitution. On the sixth of August the committee submitted its report in the shape of printed copies. The convention again went over the ground amending, adopting, and otherwise putting the finishing touches to their great production. One of the final questions to decide was the method of placing the result of the convention's labors before the people. Some of the members disliked to have Congress pass upon the measure, but Hamilton and others thought that that body should certainly be the first to receive the Constitution. The words of the committee of detail were finally adopted, which were to the effect that the Constitution should be placed before the Congress with the suggestion that it be submitted by that body to conventions of the people in the several states for ratification. On September tenth a committee of five was appointed to revise the style of the text and arrange the articles. This committee consisted of Johnson, Hamilton, Madison, Gouverneur Morris and King, and the final draft of the instrument was from the hand of Gouverneur Morris.

The Convention was approaching its last hours when Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts and Randolph and Mason of Virginia declared they could not sign the Constitution. The convention was astounded. There is abundant evidence to show that all the members throughout the long session had been deeply impressed by the great responsibility that was attached to their labors, but now in the hour of triumph, when the task was nearing completion, these three of their number, who had been among the ablest debaters, stood appalled at their own handiwork. The convention pleaded with them for unanimity, but pleaded in vain. On the morning of the seventeenth of September, the last day of the federal convention, Benjamin Franklin moved that the Constitution be signed by the members present. The motion was carried, and the parchment was unrolled on the table. Hamilton inscribed thereon in a bold hand the names of the states. Washington as president of the convention first signed,—George Washington, President—and then the state delegations came forward and signed.

It is said that Queen Victoria has the autographs of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She should also secure those of the signers of this instrument, second only in interest to the older paper;

some she would already have, for they had previously affixed their names to the Declaration. It remained for the members to dissolve the convention, to dine together and to depart.

And now a word as to how the constitution was received by the country. In a few days the draft together with a letter from Washington reached Congress then in session in New York. Says Bancroft, "It was only out of the ashes of the confederation that the new Constitution could spring into being; and the letter of the convention did indeed invite Congress to light its own funeral pyre."

But that body was ready for the sacrifice; and after some debate, on the twenty-eighth of the month it was voted by the eleven states present to submit the constitution to the legislatures of the several states, to be placed by them before conventions of the people for action. By one of its provisions the Constitution when ratified by nine states was to go into force in those states. Delaware was the first state to accept the new government, a convention of her people passing a vote of ratification early in December. Other states followed, New Hampshire having the honor of calling the new government into being as it was the ninth state to ratify, Virginia following four days afterwards.

Congress on receiving intelligence that nine states had accepted the Constitution, proceeded to put it into effect, and after much debate it voted that the choice of Presidential Electors should take place on the first Wednesday in January and that the new government should begin on the first Wednesday of March, 1789, which was the fourth of the month, with New York to be the seat of government. It was thought fitting that the new government should have more commodious quarters than the old one was enjoying, but who was to furnish them? The national treasury was empty; and that of the city of New York was found to be in a like condition. Finally the merchants of the city put their hands into their pockets and fitted up a hall for the new administration.

The fourth of March, 1789, was at hand. The ill-starred league of states was to fade away and a federal republic stand in its place. No great preparations were made for the transition; on the evening of the third the guns at the battery poured forth a farewell to the old government, and in the early dawn a greeting to the new. But our Constitution was not to make an impressive entrance. The day came; but the United States government came not; and so with the next day and the next; it was certainly most inauspicious. The anti-

federalists jeered in derision. It looked as though the country would be without any government. Most of the members of the last Congress of the confederation had gone to their homes; those who remained met daily and with more or less form transacted business in the name of the United States. Finally on the sixth of April, a sufficient number of senators and representatives having arrived, Congress was organized and the electoral vote counted. Federal Hall not being ready, the inauguration was postponed until the thirtieth, and on that day Washington assumed the position of President of the United States, and the Constitution became the supreme law of the land. Six months later North Carolina accepted the constitution, and in May, 1790, Rhode Island lonely in solitude came into the sisterhood of states.

The Federal Constitution — will it endure? Is it for all time, or will there come a day when it shall have out-lived its usefulness? Perhaps! yet it would seem that with the power that it has within itself of expanding and extending by amendments, so as to meet new conditions, that it will long remain the foundation on which will rest a prosperous nation.

BURLESQUE FABLES.

I. THE SENSITIVE SAW.

A carpenter's boy having dug some holes with a file brought back the instrument to the shop, and placed it on the bench, whereupon a Saw, that lay there, shuddered and drew away. The Hammer, noticing this, remarked, "You do not seem to like your neighbor." "No," replied the Saw, "I cannot bear him; he sets my teeth on an edge." "That is strange," said the Hammer; "I find nothing wrong with him; a little rough perhaps, yet a useful tool withal." "You do not come in contact with him as I do," added the Saw, at the same time turning away to soothe his feelings with a soft pine board that lay near. The Hammer said no more, but engaged in his customary pastime of hitting the Nail on the head. Moral — Business acquaintances need not be bosom friends.

II. THE VOYAGEUR AND THE BEAVER.

A Voyageur was voyaging up a river, when a snag caught in the rudder and held fast his boat. A Beaver on the bank, seeing the man's trouble, swam to his assistance, and, first weakening the branch by assiduously gnawing it, severed it by a blow of the tail. Having done this, the Beaver was about to return to the shore, when the Voyageur, unable to restrain his thirst for gain, struck at it with his oar, hoping to gain another pelt; he missed his aim, however, and fell into the water, the oar slipping from his grasp; and on scrambling back into the boat, he saw the Beaver swimming away with it. Filled with alarm, the man cried out: "Stay! I beseech you! for far up the river my wife and children watch for my return, and already, you see, is the current bearing me down again." At this, the Beaver, who had noble qualities of soul, replied: "Sir, I could well use this piece of wood as light lumber in my houses; but for the sake of those who await thy coming, I will return it thee." And with these words he passed the oar into the boat and swam away to inspect some building lots he had secured that morning. Whereupon the Voyageur resumed his journey up the stream, keeping a sharp lookout for snags and beavers.

It is lucky that all of us are not so sordid as some of us.

III. THE TREE AND THE MARCH WIND.

A March Wind come out of the north one night and swept down upon a forest, bending the trunks of the tall trees and making their great branches to creak and groan. At length an Oak Tree put out his head and said:—

“Here! who’s there?”

“Oh, it is only I,” said the March Wind. “I have come to awaken you from your long winter’s sleep.”

“Well, did you shake the rest of the trees like that?”

“Oh, yes. I have been all over the lot.”

“Did you shake up that old chestnut over there?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, he’s dead.”

“Never mind. I shake them all, both the quick and the dead, then no one is slighted. But soft! The morning dawn now purples the east. Farewell! I must leave thee now.”

“Farewell!” said the Tree. “I must leave myself in a few weeks.”

IV. THE SORROWING CROCODILE.

A Lion on coming to the river's edge was struck with the dismal sound of lamentation, and looking up the stream he saw two crocodiles bitterly weeping.

"How, now!" said the king of beasts; "these tears move me as I am not wont to be moved. I will ask the reason of their flow; and if it be a just cause for grief, perchance myself will manifest some degree of sorrow."

Accordingly, he approached to within a respectful distance and called out:—

"Ho! peaceful citizens in armor! Why weep ye here by the banks of old Nile?"

"Alas! dear sir," said one of the crocodiles, "the cause is indeed a great one. Hearing that the river had receded during the night and left large numbers of fishes to die on the banks, we hurried to the scene of the disaster. The slaughter has indeed been great, but we find that the fish are of a kind having an exceeding poor flavor at this season of the year, and so we are sorely tired."

"So," said the Lion, contemptuously, "these be crocodile's tears; I'll waste no pity on them."

And he scornfully turned and hied him away to the bosom of the desert.

He who weeps over the misfortunes of others simply because there accrues to him no benefit therefrom sheds indeed but crocodile's tears.

V. THE HEN AND THE DUCKLING.

A man in Rome, N. Y., thinking that he must do as the Romans did, placed some duck's eggs under a sitting Hen. (See Cicero.) In due time some ducklings were hatched, and the Hen, though struck with the open countenances of the new-comers, felt sure that they would be placed on the parish register to her credit and so led them forth with an air of subdued triumph.

In caring previously for her different broods of chickens she walked along a bank that sloped down to a pool of water; and if any of the chickens showed a disposition to go near to the pool, the Hen quickly whipped them into line by telling them that a hawk would swoop and carry them off if they left her side. The ducklings early in their career were led past this same bank, and they at once sang out in chorus,

“Mother, may I go out to swim”; when the Hen, somewhat startled, had recourse to the hawk story, and the ducklings reluctantly toddled on. One day, however, the ducklings deliberately made a

stand at the bank, and one of their number, addressing the Hen, said:—

“ Mother! under certain systems of raising poultry there comes a time to a duck when he must choose between reason and instinct. Reason tells us that we would do well to follow one who has so kindly cared for us; instinct impels us into paths untrodden by your feet; believe us, it is not that we love thee the less, but that we love the water more, that we make this plunge. Good-by; we shall ever be with you in spirit”; and at the conclusion of this speech, the whole brood rushed pell-mell down the bank and into the pool.

The poor Hen was for a moment distracted; but when she saw the ducklings stand on their heads under the water, and then come up with smiles on their faces, she felt that her worst fears would not be realized; and saying sadly to herself, “I see that I am not wanted here,” she walked away and sought consolation in some choice pieces of oyster shell.

Experience meets with some surprises.

VI.—THE SURLY AI.

Two Monkeys who lived in the lower branches of a large tree thought one morning that they would visit

an old Ai who dwelt above. Accordingly they ascended to his apartments, and after some commonplace remarks had been interchanged, one of the Monkeys said to the sloth: —

“ How is it about your name; do you like to be called Aye-aye or Ai? ”

“ I — I have no choice in the matter,” said the Ai, scanning the ground with his back; “ a more important question, it seems to me, is, How many removes do you consider yourselves from mankind? ”

This blunt method of thwarting their desire for information disconcerted the Monkeys; and seeing that their neighbor was in ill humor, they bade him “ good morning,” and lowered themselves down by their tails to the lower story of the tree. Whereupon the Ai, in an excited state of mind, attempted the difficult act of standing on his feet.

To evade giving an answer to a question by asking a question is hardly fair. It may serve in a political discussion; but it should not be resorted to in conversation.

VII.—THE TRANQUIL HOE.

A laborer in a garden, looking up at the sun, saw that it was high noon. Accordingly he dropped his

implements and sought the shade of a leafy hedge to eat his frugal fare. Hardly was the laborer's back turned when the Rake, a quarrelsome fellow, called out to the Hoe:—

“I have done more work than you, this morning.”

“I have done what has been required of me,” replied the Hoe.

“You could not do what I have done,” said the Rake.

“It is unnecessary that the same work should be done twice,” said the Hoe.

“Well! my handle is longer than yours,” said the Rake.

“Mine reaches to the ground,” said the Hoe.

Whereupon the Rake, in a rage, tore up the sod with his teeth; while the Hoe, with mild interest took the dimensions of a neighboring field of growing corn.

Some fur won't fly.

VIII. — THE MERCIFUL ANACONDA.

A Fawn was bounding along the edge of a thicket, when an Anaconda sprang forth and seized him; and, winding his body around the unfortunate creature, held

him fast in his coils. The poor Fawn, after struggling in vain to escape, cried out:—

“Oh, sir! have pity, for even now, as I passed the jungle, something struck me in the side, and now you cruelly detain me.”

At this remark the Anaconda glanced at the Fawn’s side, when he saw that a wound had been made there by a poisoned arrow, and having an aversion for tainted meat, he released his hold, and said, with quiet dignity in his tones:—

“Go, sir, to your people, and tell them from me that the Anaconda has soft spots on his heart, and knows when to be merciful.

On hearing these words, the Fawn gleefully fled; but died upon reaching the threshold of his home. Whereupon, the Anaconda, in lieu of a meal, found amusement in tying himself up in a very peculiar kind of a knot, which he had learned from a ship-wrecked sailor.

He is indeed audacious who expects a reputation as a philanthropist for simply being good to himself.

IX.—THE GLADIATOR AND THE LION.

A Gladiator and a Lion were facing each other in the arena, when the Gladiator, addressing the Lion in low tones, said:—

“ Leonard! why should you and I seek one another’s life. The world is wide; and surely there must be something higher than to kill. Let us but fight in jest.”

“ Perhaps you are right,” replied the Lion, tracing his initials in the sand with his paw; “ and, in truth, I myself have become something of a peace advocate during my forced sojourn in Rome. It shall be as you say. We will but fight in jest.”

And with these words the Lion couched on the earth, and lashing his sides with his tail, he winked his left eye at the Gladiator, and sprang upon him, striking him in the face with his paw. But the claws were sheathed, and the blow was but lightly dealt. The Gladiator, in turn, now drew back, poised for an instant, and then thrust his sword with great vigor at the Lion, taking care, however, that the blade should but plough up the animal’s mane.

“ Death and fury!” shouted the emperor in a rage, and, rising in his box: “ What manner of child’s play

is this? Take out this pair, and do away with them, and bring on some fighters. Look to it, slaves!"

And at this command the poor Gladiator and the Lion were led forth to their doom; and an elephant, a bull, and five gladiators were hurried in to restore the emperor to good humor.

In the various positions of life it is well to ascertain just what is expected of us. Gladiators are kept for fighting purposes.

X.—THE HUMBLE BUMBLE-BEE.

Some Honey-bees were plying their trade in a garden, when a Bumble-bee buzzed into their midst.

"Here, fellow!" said one of their number; "why do you come this way; your presence offends us. Go back to your miserable hole in the ground."

"It is no crime to seek food and fresh air," replied the visitor. "I know that my abode is lowly; but virtue and contentment are as like to dwell in the subterranean cell of the humble Bumble-bee as in the hive of the haughty Honey-bee, painted and blinded though it is."

"Speak not to us of our home," said the Honey-bee. "Why don't you feed on potatoes; then you would not have to show yourself above ground."

“ It is not for such as you to appoint my diet,” said the Bumble-bee. “ The sun-touched rose and the dew-tinctured lily may be as acceptable to my palate as to yours. Besides, it is a treat for the lady-bugs to see me pass occasionally in my bright coat of yellow and black.”

“ Aha !” exclaimed the Honey-bee. “ We thought we should find you out. You talk to us of fresh air, while your thoughts are charged with vanity. You prate of virtue and dew-tinctured lilies, when your heart is in your coat of many colors. Get thee hence, dissembler !”

And thereupon the Honey-bee and his companions beset the poor Bumble-bee about, and drove him forth from the garden.

He who would go where he is not wanted should indeed be without blemish ; for if he has ninety-nine virtues they will be passed lightly over, and his one fault be diligently brought forth.

XI. — THE PLEASANT PHEASANT.

A Pheasant in the forest, on being asked by a Shrike why he was always so pleasant, replied :—

“ I am pleasant because it is more pleasant to be a pleasant pheasant than an unpleasant pheasant.”

“Oh,” said the Shrike; and the conversation here ceased.

Idle questions deserve idle answers.

XII. — THE GOAT'S RETORT.

A peaceful Goat was nibbling at some acorns in a field, when a Cat, passing through, came up to have a chat with him.

“Good sir,” said the Cat, “do you know that a very laughable question comes into my mind when I see you? That coat of yours, it is hardly soft and fine enough to pass for silk, neither is it curly enough to be classed as wool; yet you stick to it closely.”

“True,” said the Goat, raising his head. “It is, I admit, a problem for the curiously inclined. And I understand that they who sit at the receipt of customs have been much concerned with it. But let that pass; the coat fits, and I wear it. Strangely enough, though, I too am sometimes possessed with an amusing fancy. As I lie in my box-stall at night, if I chance to hear your voice,—as is apt to be the case,—I am led to consider what rank should be given it. It is hardly so full and sonorous as that of a fine orator, neither does it possess that melodious cadence which has ever been

the chief charm of our greatest cantatrices; yet you cherish it most persistently."

At these words, the Cat, who did not desire to be brought into such prominence, shrank back, and, forgetting that a hunt for field mice was on the day's programme, stole away and crept under a shed. Whereupon the peaceful Goat, once more alone, bethought himself of his usual recreation, which was the making of dents in the oak tree.

Wit is an uncertain servant. As a warrior it sallies forth; but oft returns bearing scars instead of trophies.

XIII.—THE DISCREET CADÍ.

Two men while hunting in a Turkish Province saw an antelope, and each fired at the same moment, the animal falling dead. A violent dispute arising as to whom the prey belonged, they finally agreed to go before the Cadí. Accordingly, the two men took up the antelope and bore it to the place of justice. The Cadí, after listening to the stories of the men, replied:—

“ This case will require much consideration; take up the dead animal and bear it to the southern gate of the city, and hang it on the palm tree that stands outside the gate, and after six days return here.”

The two men did as told, bearing the animal outside the city's gate and hanging it on the palm tree. At the appointed time they repaired to the palm tree to convey the antelope again to the Cadi. Meanwhile the warm weather had spoiled the flesh for food, and one of the men perceiving this exclaimed—

“Now that I reflect, I can easily see that I could not have hit the beast in a vital part.” And with these words he turned away.

“By the beard of the prophet!” cried the other, “it is any man's but mine”; and spurning the carcass with his foot he strode off in an opposite direction.

The Cadi sat in the hall of justice until the going down of the sun; and, the men not appearing, he then dismissed the case. Whereupon the Sultan, hearing with joy of the Cadi's great wisdom, sent him a robe of purple and appointed him to the cadiship of a distant province, whose three previous rulers had been strangled by the inhabitants for making unpopular decisions.

XIV.—THE CHANTICLEER AND HIS HENS.

One bright morning in May a Chanticleer led forth his hens in quest of food. Filled with his importance, the Chanticleer strode onward, pluming his feathers,

raising his wings, and crowing lustily. Wishing to obtain some homage for his vocal efforts, he turned to his companions, and cried out:—

“What do you think of my solos? Am I not in fine voice this morning?”

“Yes,” replied a pert Pullet; “we have been noticing your performance; it is so very funny to see the odd contortions that your neck goes through while you are struggling with the crescendos.”

An awkward silence followed this remark; but the Chanticleer, seeing a dor-bug in the distance, ran forward, and deftly captured it; and then calling up the hens, he swallowed the prize with great gusto remarking that the beetles of that species were particularly juicy in the spring months, which piece of information seemed to arouse but little enthusiasm among the other members of the group.

Pride may have a fall; but neither does a cutting tongue slice any cake.

XV.—THE HAPPY HARPY.

A Harpy, having slain a young pampas deer, was preparing for a meal, when a Tanager, flitting by, paused and remarked, “Well, sir, you seem pleased with things.”

“Yes,” said the Harpy, tearing a piece of flesh from the shoulder of his prey; I am never so happy as when attending to the wants of the inner man.”

“But,” asked the Tanager, “have you no compunction in killing so fair a creature?”

“Why, no,” responded the Harpy,—at the same time regaling himself with an eye from his victim;—“it is the custom with my people; and as for that, you yourself are not confined to a diet exclusively vegetable.”

“No,” replied the Tanager; “but the insignificant insects that I devour are not to be compared with the pride of the pampas.”

“I am not so sure of that, rejoined the Harpy, as he tore the entrails from the carcass; “a life is a life. Can you not see that hopes, joys, aspirations, longings for something better,—all, all are as completely crushed when you spear one of those little insects with your tongue as when I, with beak and talon, strike at the heart of my quarry?”

“I cannot deny the truth of your assertion,” replied the Tanager; “and yet it had never so occurred to me.”

“You will further admit, then,” continued the Harpy, “that there is also truth in the old adage, that ‘people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.’”

“Oh, yes,” said the Tanager; “I agree with you

there perfectly ; putty is the missile to be used by individuals of that class. Well, I think I will eat fifty or a hundred more flies for my supper, and then go home and think further of your remarks ; for believe me, sir, they have much interested me."

" Do so," said the Harpy ; " I shall remain here for the present and further pursue my anatomical studies of the quadruped."

XVI.—THE FLY AND THE OX.

An Ox, while drawing a plough in the fields, noticed that a fly had remained perched upon his back for some time. Accordingly, he turned his head, and said roughly, " Look here, youngster ! Don't you think you are riding a free horse to death ? "

" I am afraid I have not given much thought to the matter," replied the Fly. " I have so much enjoyed from my position here, viewing the scenery on hill and dale, breathing in the fresh country air, and listening to the rude snatches of song that now and then fall from the ploughboys' lips. But perhaps I am a trifle heavy."

" Oh ! it is not your weight," said the Ox, petulantly. " But here I am toiling in the glebe, bearing the heat and burden of the day ; and I dislike the self-satisfied

holiday atmosphere with which you surround yourself. It vexes me beyond measure."

"Why," said the fly, "I had no wish to irritate so noble an animal as the ox; and as it is luncheon time with me, I will at once go and eat a section of a blackberry if I can find some fruit that is over-ripe." And so saying, the Fly left the Ox's back and flew away. Whereupon the Ox, unable to regain his composure, jumped from the furrow, overturning the plough, and breaking the chain, thereby bringing much trouble to the ploughboy.

Only an actor wants an audience when hard at work.

XVII.—THE MATHEMATICAL MILKMAID — A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD TALE.

One bright May morning, a Milkmaid bearing on her head a pan of milk, stepped forth from her cottage to go to the market-place. Fair was the maid, and fair was the day. The breath of the hawthorn stole from its hiding place, and mingled with the morning gale; the trees waved their high tops in gladness; and glistening brightly by the roadside lay the tender grass, wet with new dew. Blithely the milkmaid tripped along; and while the blackbirds whistled in the bending boughs,

and the lambkins gamboled on the lea, the Maid thus soliloquized: "Let me see: for this pan of milk which I bear on my head, I shall receive a dozen of eggs. These eggs I shall place under a sitting hen: and when the eggs have hatched and the twelve chickens are grown, I will take these chickens to market, where I shall receive for them enough silver to buy me a pink gown and ribbons to match." Hardly had she finished these remarks, addressed to herself, when she stumbled on a stone and almost fell; but recovering her equipoise, she caught the pan of milk as it was sliding from her head and thus saved most of the contents, though a portion of the milk was spilled on the ground. A kind-hearted farmer, however, happening to come along, replaced the lost portion from his store, besides offering the maid a seat in his wagon. Arriving at the market-place, the milkmaid quickly exchanged her milk for a dozen eggs, and thereupon hurried home and put them under the hen. In due time the shells of ten of the eggs were broken, and as many chickens followed the hen out of the nest. When the chickens were grown the Milkmaid took them to market; but as there were but ten in number, she received silver enough only to buy the gown, and was obliged to forego the ribbons.

In counting chickens before they are hatched, an allow-

ance should be made for at least two eggs in every dozen not being susceptible to incubation.

XVIII.—THE EEL AND THE ALEWIFE.

An Alewife, having completed its domestic arrangements in a pond, was about to return to the sea, when it saw an Eel who had previously done it a service. “Eli,” said the Alewife, “would you not like to go down with me to the ocean? I will show you a body of water, compared with which this pond of yours is but as a drop in the bucket.” “No,” replied the Eel, “I do not care to travel. I think one should see his own country first, and there are parts of this pond in which I have never been. I have relatives living in the salt water, but I never visit them. If it will be agreeable to you, however, I should like to accompany you a short distance.” “I should be pleased to have you,” said the Alewife, and so together, the two fishes swam down the stream. On reaching a bend in the brook they parted company, and the Eel, who tarried for a moment to watch his late companion, was about to turn away, when he saw something passing upward through the water. The object proved to be a net held by a man on the bank, and in the meshes was an Alewife. “Ah,” said the Eel,

as he retraced his steps, “sad is the fate of him who leaves his native heath.” His musings, however, were cut short on entering the pond, for he espied a worm among the weeds; and being hungry, he seized the worm, and was about to bite off a piece, when something cut into his jaw, and he felt himself being drawn through the water. In spite of his struggles, the poor Eel was pulled from the pond on to the land, where a boy grabbed him, and taking the hook out of his mouth, threw him into a basket.

Some of us die on the sea, and some of us die on the shore; and all of us follow our bent.

XIX.—THE WARRIOR AND THE FOSTER-CHILD.

A Warrior was returning from his wars when he saw a Foster-child seated by the roadside. Laying his shield on the ground, and leaning upon his spear, the Warrior said to the Child, “Prythee, little one, do they miss me by the fireside in the even-tide?” “Even so,” replied the Foster-child. “I heard the folks say last night that they wanted you to work in the fields the minute you got home. Onions are big this year.” And the Child’s eyes glistened at the prospect of a bountiful harvest. “So soon, so soon,” said the Warrior sadly: “before I

have had a chance to tell them of the battles, sieges, fortunes, I have passed? Well, I will do all that becomes a man. What! Hoe! On to the onion field!" And so saying, the warrior picked up his shield and followed the Foster-child toward the village.

"Peace hath her victories no less than war"—but each kind should have its time of celebration.

XX.—THE AWKWARD AARDVARK.

The birthday of a young Aardvark coming around, his parents decided to have a party. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the guests assembled and ranged themselves on one side of the room; the members of the family being stationed on the other side. After some conversation and games, the young Aardvark went into another room and returned bearing a dish of dried ants. On re-entering, however, he stumbled and fell, spilling the ants on the floor at the feet of the guests. The young Aardvark upon rising remarked to the guests that perhaps they could eat the ants from the floor. The visiting aardvarks quickly acted on the suggestion and devoured the food. The young Aardvark, meanwhile, went out for a second dish of ants, but on returning he again tripped and spilled them as before; the

visitors again quickly devouring them. The young Aardvark was about to go for a third supply, when an elderly aardvark, a relative of the family, said to him in a low voice, "Aardy, if you must spill the ants every time you come into the room, won't you just hold the plate the next time so that a few of them will roll toward your relatives?" And Aardy said he would do so.

Be kind to the stranger within the gates,—and remember also the old folks at home.

XXI.—THE SOCIALE KIDLING.

A Kidling on taking its first walk abroad saw a calf standing in a barnyard. Walking up to the gate, and thrusting its head in between the bars, the kidling cried out, "Well, Boss, what's the news in uppers?" "Oh! I don't hear anything," replied the calf, at the same time putting his head to the ground and flinging his heels into the air so delighted was he to have a caller.

"Mother says she 'll comb lots of hayseed out of my hair before I am wanted for leather. What do you hear that's new in the kid-glove trade?"

"Nothing," answered the Kidling; "father says that that business has about gone from our house. By the

way, can you give me a good receipt for making calves-foot jelly?"

"Oh, you had better not try to make any jelly," said the calf; "you will only put your foot in it."

"Well," said the Kidling, backing away from the gate, "I believe that I will go around to the barn cellar and try to climb the grindstone."

"Do so," responded the calf, "it will be more fun than a goat; I suppose that I must stay here flirting with these hens until the cows come home."

XXII.—THE SQUIRREL, THE COUGAR, AND THE PYTHON.

A Squirrel happening to espy a Cougar stealthily approaching, ran up a tree and out on a branch for refuge. The hungry Cougar dashed up the tree in pursuit, but as the limb which harbored the Squirrel was a slender one, the Cougar could go but to a certain point where he crouched and watched his prey, while the Squirrel, in the mean time, turned about, sat on his haunches, and returned the gaze of his pursuer. In this manner each animal retained its position for a long time. At length a Python, who had been sliding about at the foot of the tree, raised his head and called out, "Excuse me, gentle denizens of the forest, for seemingly

interfering in a matter about which I apparently can have no concern, but if permission were granted me to say a few words I believe that I could advance a suggestion which would do away with a state of affairs which must be irksome in the extreme.” On hearing these words, the cougar, who was weary with waiting, and who for some time had been thinking that perhaps he could find food more to his taste elsewhere, expressed a willingness to hear the suggestion. The squirrel also assenting, the python continued, “My plan is this: you sir,” addressing the cougar, “are to ascend to the next branch, and thus allow the Squirrel to attempt to gain the next tree, from which, if reached, he can easily pass into the forest, and out of harm’s way; while, on the other hand, from your swiftness of action, it is highly probable that you will overtake him, and thus gain a coveted meal.” The Cougar, relying on his agility, decided to act upon the suggestion, and so ascended to the limb above, and the poor Squirrel, accepting the chance for escape, ran nimbly down the tree. Before he reached the ground, however, the Python caught him in its jaws and glided away to the jungle, crying out as he went, “I sometimes eat a bit of Squirrel meat myself when hard pushed,” whereupon the Cougar, disdaining to make reply to the dissembling Python, or to

take note of the jeers of the monkeys who had viewed the scene from the neighboring trees, descended the trunk, and, calling up for consolation, for the third time that day, the words of the old proverb that a nap is as good as a meal, he curled himself up at the base of the tree, and was soon fast asleep.

XXIII.—THE EXPECTANT FISHERMAN.

A Fisherman rose with the dawn and went forth to fish in the sea. After some hours a laborer, going to the fields, saw the fisherman on the rocks and called out: —

“ Well, friend, what luck ? ”

“ Oh, nothing as yet,” replied the other; “ the tide is low; I expect to do better soon.”

At noon the laborer again passed, and seeing the fisherman still on the rocks cried out —

“ What now of the catch ? ”

“ Nothing as yet,” answered the Fisherman; “ the water is rough; when the wind dies I expect to make great havoc with them.”

At night-fall the laborer returning from his toil saw the Fisherman wending his way homeward with basket on his arm, and overtaking him, the laborer saw that the basket was empty.

“Well, neighbor,” said he, “you have a light load.”

“Yes,” replied the Fisherman; “the day has been sunny for my business; we must expect such luck now and then; but with fitting weather, I shall tell a different story to-morrow.” And so saying, the Fisherman entered his cottage by the back door.

He who hath hope will twice go a-fishing.

XXIV.—THE KIND CAMEL.

An Ass in an eastern city while being laded with merchandise complained of the heaviness of the load. Whereupon a Camel kindly offered to bear a portion of the wares, and the offer being accepted, the two animals walked together through the streets.

“I was glad to be relieved of a portion of my burden,” said the Ass to his companion, “for I felt unable to carry all that was put upon me.”

“I do not wonder at your fears,” remarked the Camel; “a member of my family suffered a broken back from being too heavily laden.”

“Please relate the circumstances,” asked the Ass.

“A caravan was being made up for a desert journey,” said the Camel in reply, “and after the last bale had been stowed, a camel-driver bethought himself of some

straw ; accordingly he took an armful and placed it on top of the load which my relative was bearing ; the train was about to start when the driver, espying a single straw that had escaped his grasp, picked it up and laid it with the rest. And it was this last straw that broke the camel's back."

"How sad to think of," said the Ass ; "but now that the question is in my mind, may I be permitted to ask why a certain portion of straw is taken along by each caravan ?"

"Certainly," replied the Camel ; "in crossing the desert provision must be made for the visit of the dreaded sand-storm. Now the approach of the storm may sometimes be anticipated by a knowledge of the wind. Accordingly from time to time a camel-driver throws up a straw, and these straws show which way the wind blows."

"How admirable !" exclaimed the Ass. "Is it not strange that these men have methods for finding out so much that they would wish to know."

"It is indeed strange," answered the Camel ; "but what most I marvel at is, that they do these things while standing on two feet."

XXV.—THE TWO EARTH-WORMS.

An earth-worm was journeying in the earth when it struck its head against something soft. The object encountered proved to be a second earth-worm, and who cried out, “Hail, stranger! the streets are narrow!”

“In truth, they cannot be called boulevards,” responded the first earth-worm. “Have you been above lately?”

“I was up there this morning looking at the lawns,” replied the other; “but I did not stay long; the robins were active; and, besides, there is a superabundance of space. I like things snug and compact about me.”

“That is the voice of all our tribe,” rejoined the first Earth-worm; “and, that it is so, is a reason, I think, that a worm can so readily turn when trodden on.”

“Very likely!” said the second Earth-worm; “and now, if it will serve you, I will back down to the central shaft that you may pass me at that point.”

“I cannot allow you to so exert yourself in my behalf,” replied the other; “I will retrace my steps and you can follow on until you reach your destination.”

“Nay, sir,” said the second Earth-worm; “it would grieve me beyond measure to cause for you such a loss of time.”

“Then,” said the first Earth-worm, “I see nothing but that we give over our journeys.”

“That, indeed,” replied the second Earth-worm, “is the only solution of the problem.” And being thus agreed, the two worms returned to their respective starting-places.

Stubbornness may be shown by refusing concessions as well as by demanding them.

XXVI. — THE PEASANT AND THE ROMANOFF.

A Romanoff was roaming about his grounds one night and musing on the ancient glories of his house, when he saw a flush on the horizon. Running to one of the gates, he saw a Peasant hurrying by, and called out to him, “Where’s the fire, friend?”

“Nay, sire, I know not,” was the reply. “Yet think I, were we to gain the top of yon high eastern hill we should know more of it.”

“Even so,” responded the Romanoff: and together they climbed the ascent, the noble and the lowly born. The top of the hill being reached, the two men saw that a large barn filled with hay on a distant plain was being consumed. They watched the burning until the barn and its contents were destroyed, and then turned

and retraced their steps down the hillside. Without saying more to his companion, the Romanoff strode forward to double the castle guard for the night; while the Peasant, hearing a tower clock strike the twelfth hour, hurried on to be present at a meeting of the village (nihilistic) improvement society.

Everybody runs to a fire, but this unity of sentiment dies with the blaze.

XXVII.—THE FOXHOUND AND HER PUPPIES.

A Foxhound was amusing herself with her litter, when one of the puppies asked :—

“ Mother, why are our ears longer than our tongues ? ”

“ Oh,” replied the Foxhound; “ I suppose it is that you may hear more than you say.”

“ But,” said a little pup in the corner, “ I think our tongues should be longer than our ears in order that more can be said to be heard.”

“ Well, never mind,” rejoined the Foxhound, “ take things as you find them, and don’t try to argue with your elders. Now let some one hide the anise bag and see who can first scent it out.”

XXVIII.—THE CRAB AND THE CLAM.

A Crab while running forward over the sands was running backward in his mind over some of the scenes of his past life, when he found himself running into a Clam, who, with shells parted, was viewing the landscape at the going out of the tide. The Clam, thus rudely disturbed in his reverie, suddenly closed his shell and caught the Crab in its clasp.

“Let me go, sir! let me go,” cried the Crab.

“What!” exclaimed the Clam, “a crustacean and afeard?”

“Alas, too true,” said the Crab. “I hardly dare say my shell’s my own.”

“What cause has thus brought timidity to one in armor clad?” inquired the Clam.

“Neglect,” answered the Crab. “I lack advancement. My rival, the lobster, flushes with pride that he is diligently sought by the salad-monger; while I, forsooth, am left for the sport of the small boy.”

“Ah!” rejoined the Clam, “believe me I sympathize with you. For know, despondent youth, I too have suffered. Mine old competitor, the oyster, outstrips me in the race for favor. And while men go down in ships to pull him from his bed, few there are who come to dig

for me. His name is first at every feast; while only such of my people as have little necks are allowed to sit at the tables of the great. And yet methinks we do wrong to despair; for hath not the great poet Shelley said, ‘Much may be conquered, much may be endured of what degrades and crushes us’; and furthermore, if we are unbeloved, then are we unmolested.”

“True enough,” responded the Crab; “your inspiring words lift up my sinking spirits, and fresh hopes come with the salt breezes that blow across the strand. And now if you will open the front door I will step out sideways and take a diagonal direction for home.”

“Till we meet again,” said the Clam, releasing his visitor. And then, feeling that happiness would come once more with the flowing tide, the Clam took a last look at the shore and sank into the silt.

XXIX.—THE TRAVELLER’S TESTIMONY.

A person while engaged in conversation in a room remarked that the French were the gayest of peoples. Whereupon a Traveller who was present exclaimed:—

“That is indeed true. I remember that when I was in Paris, Me., a French Canadian there was who always danced around the room after eating of a good dinner;

and I think you will find that any one who has travelled much entertains this opinion."

A little experience goes a long way. A man who had raised some onions in a back yard wrote a book called "Bulb Culture as a Source of Profit."

XXX. — THE OLD GNU.

In the middle of an afternoon in summer an old Gnu attached to the menagerie of a small circus was entertaining his companions by relating various incidents in his past career.

"Without desiring to attach too much importance to my existence," said the Gnu, "I may say that I have been an object of some interest in my time. I think it was ten or fifteen years ago, while I was connected with an exhibition called 'The Gigantic Aggregation of Stupendous Marvels and Colossean Collection' of Costly Curiosities,' that a curious event passed under my view. An entire family, father, mother, and children, came and stood in front of my cage, and after gazing at me for some time, the man said: 'He does look like a horse.' 'I think he looks like an ox,' said the woman. 'No,' said the man, 'don't you see the mane, the tail, and the flanks?' 'Yes,' said the woman, 'but don't

you see the hoofs, the horns, and the muzzle?' The children now joined in, some of them siding with the father, and some of them with the mother, and the dispute waxed so warm that a feeder came and asked the family to pass on and look at the giraffe, so that others might see something."

"That event must have been amusing to your companions," remarked an Ostrich, whose plumeless wings showed that he was made "a double debt to pay."

"It was very much so," replied the Gnu. "The polar bear was put in such good humor by it that he gave a cake of ice to the lemonade vender whose supply happened to be short, and the hyena was heard to laugh for the first time in three years."

"What was the previous cause for mirth on the part of the hyena?" gravely asked an ancient Simia, who in his day had exhibited as a what-is-it, an orang-outang, and a chimpanzee, and who was now making a fresh bid for fame by appearing as "the only gorilla born in bondage."

"The cause which induced the hyena to part with his gloom was an incident in the aviary," replied the Gnu. "A pelican had stolen a fish belonging to the adjutant bird, and in attempting to swallow it the fish had stuck in the pelican's throat, so that he was

actually obliged to beg of the adjutant bird to remove it with his bill. This the adjutant did, and thinking to remove temptation from the pelican's path, he was about to eat the fish himself, when the pelican again seized it, and this time succeeded in safely sending it to join nine others who had gone before."

"The pelican was persistent in what he thought was right," remarked the Ostrich.

"He was persistent in what he knew was wrong, sir," responded the Gnu, sternly; "the fish, as I have said, was the property of the adjutant bird."

"I travelled one season with the organization you have mentioned," said the Simia, "and it was a matter of wonder for me that the proprietor thereof did not give it a name of a more striking character."

"It is a legitimate cause for surprise, I admit," replied the Gnu. "My explanation is, that the proprietor preferred to assemble an audience by some simple announcement rather than to adopt a more imposing diction in order to attract persons who otherwise might not care for the exhibition. But now, brave sirs, this chapter of reminiscence must close; for the lecturer comes, and I must assume the position and the expression befitting one who resembles two other animals more than himself."

XXXI.—THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT.

An Ant meeting an Elephant exclaimed:—

“ Sirrah ! fellow, one of us must turn out.”

“ One of us must indeed turn out,” replied the Elephant, as he lifted his foot to advance. Whereupon the Ant ran nimbly to one side and thus escaped crushing.

“ I find it best to humor these characters,” said the Ant to herself as the Elephant passed by ; and then picking up her burden, she regained the highway and continued on her journey.

Impudence with discretion does fairly well.

XXXII.—THE COW AND THE PE-WEE.

A Cow walking across a meadow in the springtime stopped under a tree, which stood on the edge of the wood, and looking up at a Pe-wee, who was building a nest, said:—

“ Child of the woodlands, I would have a word with thee.”

“ I am all attention,” replied the Pe-wee.

“ This is the seventh year,” continued the Cow, “ that I have meandered through this meadow and watched the green drift through the brown. The occasion is one

of interest for me, both from a romantic and from a practical point of view ; yet, because you as regularly appear, I find my musings and my calculations disturbed by the monotonous and mournful notes which you pour forth from morn ‘till dewy eve.’ Can you not sing something else for a change — something more in the nature of a roundelay ?”

“ I grieve that my singing is no better,” replied the Pe-wee ; “ my repertoire is indeed limited, and there are but a few notes in my register, yet my song is an honest one ; and as for the sameness of which you complain, that is just as apparent in the transformation scene to which you are a yearly witness ; for instance, if in your meanderings, instead of a green, you should see a sky-blue or a crimson drift through the brown, why, then I might have a new song for the occasion.”

The Cow evidently did not like these remarks, for she turned away, stretched out her neck, and uttered a prolonged call.

“ I scorn to say how many times I have heard that song,” said the Pe-wee to herself, “ and it is not a roundelay either.” And then because of her kind disposition she strove to remain silent the rest of the day.

The Cow was censorious. And in her narrowness saw not that the Pe-wee’s little note of praise was as

much a part of the plan as was the springing forth of the tender blades.

XXXIII.—THE EMULOUS HOUSE-CAT.

A House-cat, while resting in a back yard, became interested in the actions of a toad which was stationed near by in a shady nook. Frequently, as a fly or other insect came near, the toad was seen to dart out his tongue and as quickly draw it back, with the insect attached.

How “marvellously rapid,” exclaimed the Cat. “Yet stay! I have a reputation for quickness myself. I will try this creature’s mode of capture.” An opportunity came when a butterfly approached on fluttering wings. As the insect drew nigh, the cat repeatedly thrust out her tongue, but succeeded only in licking her own jaws. Whereupon, a shepherd dog, having occasion to visit the neighborhood, cried out:—

“What seems to be the matter, puss?”

Mortified at being thus bantered by one whom she wished to think well of her, the Cat ceased her grimaces, and, with a quick stroke of her paw, brought down her prey.

“That is right,” said the shepherd dog; “one’s own

way is the best." And having said this he proceeded to a distant corner of the yard and dug up a beef-bone which he had previously laid aside against a lonesome hour.

XXXIV.—THE SULTAN, THE MUFTI, AND THE GRAND
VIZIER.

A certain Mufti one day said to the Sultan:—

"Who is the pompous person that often meets me with a severe gaze when I enter the palace; never deigning to accost me with any remark about the weather, or concerning the health of my relatives?"

"Oh! that," replied the Sultan, "that is my Grand Vizier; he gives me much advice regarding state affairs."

"Surely," said the other, "it would seem as though a learned mufti might be consulted with better advantage, and a portion of the large salary which this self-sufficient personage must command thus remain in your majesty's purse."

"I will think of the matter," replied the Sultan.

In the evening the Grand Vizier, being in the presence of the Sultan, said: "Mighty sire, may I ask who is the pushing individual who comes into the palace as though possessed of inherent rights in the premises,

brushing by me with much boldness of manner?"

"Oh! that is a Mufti," answered the Sultan. "He comes to tell me of certain passages in the Koran which pass my understanding."

"Indeed!" rejoined the Sultan's companion; "surely, one having the qualities necessary in a Grand Vizier should serve as well as this mufti of whom you speak."

"Perhaps so," said the Sultan, "I will revolve the subject further in my mind."

On the morning of the next day the sultan summoned the chief officer of the guard and bade him seize the Mufti and the Grand Vizier, and to sew them up in sacks and throw them into the sea. And when these things were done the Sultan called a new Mufti and made him also Grand Vizier.

If our advice is followed, we cannot complain.

XXXV.—THE HONORABLE HORSE.

Some horses were strolling through a pasture wherein the herbage was sweet, and where there were pools of clear water, with shade of trees, when one of their number noticed that the bars were down, and, seeing this, said to his companions:—

“Come! the bars are down. Let us go abroad, and see what is about us.”

All of the horses but one started to go, and the leader, seeing that one horse did not move, cried out:—

“Are you not going, sir?”

“No,” replied the other; “that fence, as placed there by our owner, is indicative of a line beyond which we are not to pass; and though the bars are down, yet in our mind’s eye the line exists. I cannot cross it.”

The horses laughed at the fine reasoning of their comrade, and flinging up their heels they galloped down the road, raising dust as they ran. After running some distance the horses stopped to crop the roadside grass, but this they found rather dusty, and the leader, espying a green lawn in front of a mansion, led his companions through the gateway and on to the lawn. From this place, however, they were quickly frightened away by the house-dog, who, moreover, chased them down the street, some small boys adding to their discomfort by throwing stones at them. Finally they were free from these tormentors, and one of the band was suggesting a return to the pasture, when a poundkeeper, with his son, came along and drove them all into the pound, in which place they were obliged to stay, in company with a mule and a calf, for the rest of the day, under a blaz-

ing sun, and without food or water. At sundown their owner came and took them back to the pasture, giving each horse as he passed over the bars a single stroke with a whip. The poor horses accepted chastisement without murmur, for, remembering the words of their companion in the morning, they felt that they were to blame. Walking a short distance, they came across the Horse who had stayed at home, and after relating the adventures that had befallen them, one of the horses asked him:—

“Were you ever in the pound, sir?”

“Oh, yes,” replied the other; “one day last summer, by kicking off the rail that runs along over the wall, I was able to leap into the roadside, and after roaming about for a short time I was taken to the pound and kept there for two days, with a goat for a companion.”

“Aha!” exclaimed his questioner; “we think that we now see the cause of your scrupulousness.”

The Horse laughed, and admitted that his experience in the pound may have had some bearing on his action; “but,” he added, “I think it possible that honor and interest should lie in the same direction.”

XXXVI.—THE BEAR AND THE PUMA.

A Puma, while ranging the mountainside, met a Bear leading her cubs. Wishing to be agreeable, the Puma patted one of the younglings on the head, at the same time saying to the Bear:—

“I suppose that you find it difficult at times to get food for your family?”

“Oh, yes,” replied the Bear, with some archness of manner; “our cupboard is often bare.”

The Puma was at first inclined to feel displeased at this remark; for he had been taught in early youth that punning was not a very acceptable form of wit; thinking, however, that there might be times when nothing else seemed available, and delighted to find the bear not so cross “as he is painted,” he decided to meet the joke half way, and accordingly showed his beautiful teeth in recognition. During a conversation which followed concerning a proposition to join forces in order to better obtain the necessities of life, the Bear remarked that in summer time her people lived chiefly on fruit and berries. To this the Puma replied that such a diet was not suitable for him; that he could not work without meat; and, moreover, he thought that it might be injurious to swallow so many seeds; and for these

reasons, advertisements announcing fresh milk and berries, and vegetables from the farm, were not alluring to him. After some further discussion, it was decided that no system of coöperation would be expedient; the two animals, however, agreed that their families should visit each other once a year, and parted with expressions of good will and esteem.

XXXVII.—THE GENTLEMAN AND THE STRANGER.

One bright morning a Gentleman stepped briskly forth from his lodgings to attend to the duties of the day. Walking along the street, he came to a large hotel and entering therein he obtained some hotel note paper and sat down to write. After writing for a short time, he folded the paper, placed it in an envelope, and was about to raise the envelope to his lips when he saw a man approaching him.

“Sir,” said the Stranger, “may I have a word with you?”

“Certainly,” replied the Gentleman.

“I am from a neighboring state,” continued the stranger, “and having attended to my affairs I am ready to return, but find that certain funds which were to have been sent me are not forthcoming. Now, if you would

extend to me a certain sum, I could reimburse you upon arrival at my home."

Upon hearing these words the gentleman replied, "I am sorry, sir, but the truth is that I myself am existing under a financial condition bearing in its essential features a striking similarity to that which you have described. I hold in my hand a missive which conveys to my landlady the intelligence that I shall again be obliged to defer the payment of a certain bill about which we have conversed a number of times."

At the conclusion of these remarks, the two men looked at each other, shook hands and separated, the gentleman going forth in quest of a postage stamp while the stranger drew from a jar a glassful of iced water.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

XXXVIII.—THE GRATEFUL ADDER.

An Adder was running out from a pile of stones, when one of the stones rolled down from its position and caught the Adder, holding him fast. A Husbandman who was going to the fields, seeing the accident, was filled with a momentary compassion; and stretching forth his hoe raised the stone and thus released the rep-

tile. Whereupon the Adder said, "Sir, you have saved my life; and my heart is filled with gratitude; I cannot dig, neither can I herd sheep, but if you will take me to your enemy, I will sting him."

"Why, that is a fair offer," exclaimed the Husbandman, "but I have no enemy; that is"—he continued as he cast a rueful glance at the weeds that were choking his vines—"none that you could strike down."

"Alas, then," cried the Adder, "is it true that so great a talent as mine cannot be used to repay a service?" and with these words the crest-fallen Adder turned about and crept back into the stones, while the Husbandman, leaping over the wall, grasped his hoe with a firm hand and struck vigorously at the weeds, exclaiming as he did so, "This is my Adder."

XXXIX.—THE TWO IGUANAS.

As two Iguanas were resting on the limb of a tree in a forest, one of them exclaimed, "This is dull business lying here. Why are we compelled to hug the tree so closely when the birds who live in the upper story are continually going abroad; having, I presume, fine times on their excursions."

"Ignorant and ignoble Iguana," cried the other,

“know you not that these ‘excursions,’ as you call them, though accompanied with much fuss and feathers, are merely business trips? These birds are seeking food the live-long day, for themselves and their young. It is a weak spot in the minds of many living creatures, that they envy the appearance of pleasure in the doings of others; and I doubt not that these same neighbors of ours, when we go down to the sea-shore in the spring, think that we are bent on pleasure, and wish that they could spend a week or two near the salt water; whereas we know that we are going down to lay some eggs in the sand. Let us not then utter complaining words because we cannot fly; but as it is feeding time, rather let us chew a few leaves and rejoice that we do not have to go out for our meals.

V A L E

THE WILD ROSE.

*O, fair is summer on the hills,
And summer in the vale;
And soothing is the evening breeze,
And fresh the morning gale.
A welcome waits for every bird,
And every plant that grows;
And welcome thrice when it appears,
The blooming bright wild rose.*

*The bright and beautiful wild rose,
It blossoms in the lane,
It clammers up the mountain-side,
It decks the swampy plain.
No skilful hand hath trained its growth,
Yet still its beauty glows;
And all the breezes love to kiss
The bonny bright wild rose.*

*A maiden came, and plucking one
Entwined it in her hair;
The rose was sweet with fragrant bloom,
The maiden blithe and fair;
But blithe and fair, the maiden saw
Life's pathway early close,
And from her grave to meet the light
Sprang up a red wild rose.*

*Yet bright had been the maiden's days,
A brief but happy dream;
And gently Death had sought her side
And bore her down the stream.
So sorrow must not tarry long
And spread her train of woes
For one whose life was brief but fair,
Like the blooming bright wild rose.*



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